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Week of March 26, 1944



Speaking of Heroes

Paintings by
Willy Pogany

See John Erskine's Story
On Next Page

Three Women in Black Still Haunting Manila

A FEW weeks after the Philippines fell, Japanese army commanders were puzzled when their troops—patrolling the ancient streets of Intramuros, the historic walled city of Manila—reported that white crosses, painted and chalked, were mysteriously appearing on the doorways of houses.

The army officers, concluding that these markings represented some kind of signal system for a guerrilla or underground movement ordered the crosses removed. But as fast as Nipponese troops painted over the white marks in the daytime the symbols strangely reappeared during the night.

The Sons of Heaven were furious. Troops were ordered to shoot on sight anybody caught chalking up or painting the holy symbols. But the order made no difference. The crosses defiantly reappeared.

To the residents of the famous walled city the religious signs meant protection from something as sinister as the soldiers of the Rising Sun. The white symbols were their protection against Manila's "Three Women in Black,"—the ghostly death-dealers of Intramuros.

Ever since the days of Legazpi, who conceived the Spanish city of Intramuros in the far-off Malay Archipelago, the legend of the three ghost-walkers has been told and retold, and believed by many.

The Legend of the Two Old Crones and the Pretty Girl Is a Fearsome Fact to Many Residents of Ancient and Historic Intramuros.

According to this tale, every few years the trio in black—a young and pretty girl flanked by two old crones—puts in an appearance on the quaint streets of the walled city. Shrouded from head to foot in funeral garments they stroll up and down pausing every so often before a doorway. Where they stop, they knock, and where they knock, death—sudden and before that day ends—strikes down some member of the doomed household.

Whenever the rumor spreads through the city that the three women in black are abroad, crosses are hastily put on the doors—for, according to legend, the evil trio never knocks at a door bearing the white symbol.

An old wives' tale? Perhaps. But thousands of Filipinos believe it whole-heartedly. At the time when the death trio is reported to be "making its rounds" the shower of white crosses not only appears in Intramuros but suddenly decorates dwellings in Tondo, San Nicolas, Santa Cruz and other parts of Manila as well.

In pre-war days, the police invariably investigated reports that the three harbingers of death were slinking through the streets. According to Aleko E. Lilius, a former special agent of the Philippine Constabulary, and now a resident of New York City, the authorities were never able to find one person who actually had seen these women in black. Almost

everyone approached "knew someone" who had seen the trio, and, oddly enough, when detectives called on these persons, they were found in their homes—dead.

The police were helpless to stem the terror that raced through the city when rumors spread that the women in black had again put in their appearance. For a week or two, the trio was reported in different parts of Intramuros, and then the women would disappear just as mysteriously as they came, to show up again in another two or three years.

According to Constable Lilius, what the police could not do to protect the people of Intramuros, their absolute and unshakable faith, as personified by the white crosses, did.



London's Rats So Hungry They Eat Buttons



In One London Suburb the Hungry Rodents Invaded a Clothing Factory and Chewed Up Buttons by the Hundreds.

A CLOTHING manufacturer in the English town of Stepney recently showed up at his factory one morning to be greeted by his excited employees with the news that all the buttons on the finished suits had disappeared mysteriously during the night.

Special watchmen were posted the next night and they discovered that the nocturnal button-thieves were thousands of rats, who invaded the place after dark, greedily gobbling up practically everything in sight.

The rodents apparently had crossed the Thames River from near-by London, where officials are waging a

gigantic war against the beady-eyed vermin, and invaded Stepney in hordes.

Not only did the starving creatures eat the buttons—which are made of a vegetable compound—right off the suits, but they gobbled up bags of spare ones.

Although the manufacturer was upset, British officials took the Stepney incident as a good sign that they are winning their home front war to starve out and poison the 40,000,000 rats that infest the British Isles.

Speaking of Heroes

MEET THE KNIGHTS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE GLAMOUR GIRLS OF OTHER DAYS

Interpreted by JOHN ERSKINE from "Amadis of Gaul," the World's No. 1 Love Story.

would be difficult to explain.

So at last she consented to make a public trial, not only of the Forbidden Chamber, but of the Arch of True Lovers, which was an easy preliminary test. Two other ladies, Melicia and Olinda, told their husbands they also would take the placement examination, and the husbands admired their courage rather than their talent for self-criticism, for between them and Oriana there was a perceptible difference.

It was agreed that Melicia and Olinda should go in first. They had no difficulty in passing under the Arch of True Lovers, as far as the portrait busts which Apollidon had set up of himself and his wife. Melicia and Olinda proceeded hopefully, but Oriana, following them, looked care-

fully at the statues and felt discouraged, since Apollidon's wife had been beautiful indeed.

One of the onlookers, a lady named Grasinda, seeing how easily the test of the Arch had been met, said she too would like to join the competition, for to stay out would be a mere affectation of modesty. So they let her go first into the Forbidden Chamber, but those magical hands seized her by the hair and dragged her out, senseless. Then Olinda tried it, much sobered by what had happened to Grasinda. The magical hands repelled her too, though without hair-pulling. Next, Melicia managed to get at least one step further in than either of the other ladies, but her success proved nothing but dramatic suspense; the magical hands wouldn't have her.

Then Oriana made trial, and three times the hands forced her back, but she kept on undiscouraged, until she came to the inner door of the Chamber, when another hand, just as magical but much more hospitable, reached out to welcome her.



BETTY CROCKER

Served with fruit and fruit sauce (as at left), with delicious nut-cream icing (right), or with whipped jelly icing as below, this inexpensive sponge cake is "versatile." Takes only 2 eggs. Fluffy and tender. Lovely for Easter. A Betty Crocker favorite. Mixing can be done very quickly with a rotary egg beater.

this "quick-and-easy" sponge cake fits your SPRING MOOD!

The delicacy of this sponge cake matches the season... its simplicity matches the times.

For best results, use Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour. Its baking qualities perfectly match the recipe... give you a cake of unsurpassed eating quality.

Gold Medal's reliability is ensured by tests conducted by the Betty Crocker staff in the Home Service Kitchen. So, for glorious results, turn to Gold Medal Flour and the Betty Crocker recipes in the sacks; it's your surest, easiest, simplest way to baking success. Gold Medal is now enriched with 3 "B" vitamins and iron to new higher government standards... GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis, Minnesota.



Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" ENRICHED FLOUR

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BUY WAR BONDS... BUY WAR BONDS... BUY WAR BONDS... BUY WAR BONDS... BUY WAR BONDS

● There's something about Wheaties that's likely to make a lady's pulse beat faster! To say nothing of the lovelight in her eyes for the gent who makes this "Breakfast of Champions" part of his daily routine.

Lots of up-and-at-'em boys... and gals... begin a busy day with the valuable whole wheat nourishment of these toasted flakes included in their breakfast. Doing right by yourself? Start your morning meal with milk, fruit and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions".



"You see, Hargrave—they don't all fall for a uniform. I invited her to have a bowl of Wheaties with me."



Ridin' High

Youngsters sure burn up energy! A smart idea to give 'em a good food-energy start, mornings. Lots of food-

energy in a big bowl of Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions". Serve your small fry Wheaties, milk and fruit!

Perfect results assured only with Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

2 Eggs— $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. Salt— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sugar— $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Lemon Extract— $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. Grated Lemon Rind— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Milk—1 Tbsp. Butter—1 cup sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Flour—1 Tsp. Baking Powder

ASSEMBLE ingredients. Beat eggs with rotary beater till very light. Beat in salt, sugar, lemon extract and rind. Beat in boiling hot milk which you've heated with the butter. Sift GOLD MEDAL Flour and baking powder together, beat into egg mixture... Pour very quickly into well-greased and-floured 8" sq. pan (2" deep) or two 8" round layer pans, 1 1/4" deep. Bake immediately for 25 to 30 min. in moderate oven (350°). Serve plain, with fresh fruit or berries, or topped with fruit, or with this

WHIPPED JELLY ICING

Place 2 cooled 8" layers of cake together with 5 Tbsp. jelly spread between layers. Cover top, sides with Whipped Jelly Icing. To make icing, place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tart jelly (i.e., currant), 1 unbeaten egg white and dash of salt in top of double boiler, place over boiling water. Beat with rotary beater till egg white and jelly are completely blended. Remove from over hot water, continue to beat till mixture stands in peaks when you pull out beater. (Color of jelly determines color of icing).

See Betty Crocker recipe folder in the sack for recipe for delicious Peanut Buttle and Whipped Cream Topping and Nut-Cream Icing—plus other attractive recipes.



by Betty Crocker

GOLDEN WHEATIES BARS are gaily suggestive of Spring. Crunchy, delicious. And point-thrifty, say my staff. Mix 3 cups Wheaties, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Salted Peanuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Coconut (if available). In sauce pan combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sugar,



$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Cream or Top Milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Corn Syrup. Cook to 236° (till soft ball forms in cold water), stirring occasionally. Pour over Wheaties mixture; mix well. Flatten into greased 8-in. square pan. Cool; cut into bars. About 32 bars.

Free! New "Menu and Shopping Guide" for point rationing. Handy reference list of rationed foods with space for point values. Space for menus. Grocery check lists. To get your pad, mail postcard today to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 637, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota.

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New London Blitz — By Bold

Calling Themselves "The Dandies," "The Blackouters" and Other Cynical Names, English Hoodlums Are Now Preying on the War-Torn Capital's Reviving Nightlife

LONDON. LONDON is currently experiencing its second major crime wave of the war. The first one broke over it during the days of the great blitz.

Falling bombs, blasted homes and shops, panic in the streets, may have suggested Armageddon to most English, but they merely spelled profit to the capital's light-fingered gangsters.

For a time, indeed, London presented the distressing spectacle of a fortress attacked not only by an alien foe, but by the worst elements of its own garrison.

Then order was gradually restored and that particular gangsters' heyday ended. Now the beleaguered city is being swept by a new wave of lawlessness, this one made possible, oddly enough, by the hopeful attitude resulting from recent victories.

Encouraged by the course of the war, Londoners are beginning to revert to normal habits. Those who can are once more dressing up and stepping out, to parties, clubs, theatres.

And this revival of night life amid the still unnatural pressure of the times—the shortages of services and supplies, the surplus of people—has given gangsters a chance to renew mass-scale operations.

Many a police blotter testifies that they have been as quick to cash in on national optimism as they were on the pessimism of a few years ago.

Here, for example, is a list of the major robberies that occurred during a single, recent week:

On Monday night \$5,000 worth of furs was stolen from the Mayfair home of the Marquis of Tavistock;

Tuesday, jewelry valued at \$30,000 disappeared from a Pall Mall flat;

And on each of the following nights five well-known actresses—Cicely Courtneidge, Jeanne Stuart, Kay Hammond, Virginia Winter and Nora Swinburne—were, one after the other, adroitly relieved of small fortunes in furs and jewels.

Police attribute these seven, as well as most of the other more spectacular robberies, to three daring criminal gangs.

Since none of their members has as yet been



Failing to Frighten Miss Marie Clay Into Revealing the Combination of Her Wall Safe, One of the Formally-Dressed Bandits Started Chiseling It From the Wall While the Other, From Time to Time, Tapped Her on the Head With a Hammer in the Hope She Would Become More Cooperative.

captured the available information about them is not great. However, their group names and a few distinguishing characteristics are known.

The Dandies, as the first gang poetically calls itself, are credited with having more dash and invention than the other two. Their membership is reserved to men. Of the species, "gentleman crook," they seem to concentrate on actresses, robbing them with appropriate theatricality.

The job they did on Virginia Winter, now playing in "My Sister Eileen," is typical. While she was at the theatre, they broke into her deserted Hampstead flat, packed up her furs and best gowns in her own suitcases, refreshed themselves with the contents of her icebox, and, after writing a note, politely thanking her for her hospitality, they strolled off into the night.

"Worst of it is," she later told police, "they left the light burning. So I got into trouble not only with the A.R.P. warden for violating the blackout, but also with one of my neighbors who's a fuel warden and feels very strongly about wasted electricity."

Working actresses are particularly good game because their absences from home (homes, incidentally, without maids or cooks for the most part, thanks to the servant shortage) are regular and dependable.

Moreover, since traveling in one's own car is a thing of the past, and few of them want to risk the danger of robbery in crowded public conveyances, they usually leave their best jewels behind, tucked away in dresser drawers or safes.

The cynicism, characteristic of the major gangs, is especially noticeable in the names of the last two: "The Blackouters" and "Second Frontiers." It's as though they were saying to ordinary citizens:

"The blackout may protect you from Hitler, but not from us" and "You're yelling for a second front, are you? All right, we'll open one up right here at home!"

It is believed that a receiver, or fence, closely connected with the flourishing black market, is plotting the gangs' over-all strategy.

If so, he should be drawing down a handsome salary, for the list of victims reads like a Who's Who of society and the stage, and the annual take has been estimated at over a million dollars.

Unlike the Dandies, both the Blackouters and Second Frontiers employ smartly dressed young women on a commission basis—who cultivate the friendship of likely prospects, learn their home secrets and attend to such minor details as seeing that the janitor is called away on a spurious errand while the robbery is taking place.

Also with a view to obtaining worthwhile information, some of the gangs rig up their more personable male members as British or American officers on leave. These clothes-horse lieutenants and captains-for-a-night then drop into Mayfair hotels and exploit the tendency of the public to lean over backwards in being cordial to service men.

With London the way it is these days, it is no trick to strike up new acquaintances. Even respectable women, who in the past would never have thought of speaking to a stranger, can now be drawn into conversations which, as often as



Scene in the Heart of London's Mayfair, Which, What With the Blackout and the Lack of Servants, Has Become the Gangsters' Favorite Hunting Ground.

Bad Robber Gangs



Casual Acquaintance, Made Possible by Wartime Relaxation of Social Bars in London Nightclubs, Enables the Underworld to Acquire Inside Dope It Needs on the Homes and Habits of Its Victims.



The Marquis of Tavistock, Who Unwillingly Contributed \$5,000 in Furs to Racketeers.

taken on, the gangsters have found it possible on several occasions to walk into stores, pose as clerks and quietly walk off with the merchandise without attracting attention.

This same technique was turned to a domestic use a while ago during a party given by Mrs. Vera Long, of Cadogan Gardens, Chelsea. While she and her guests were at table, two thieves entered the flat by means of a skeleton key, tip-toed back to her boudoir, which they ransacked at leisure—even to testing her perfumes—and then exited through the front door, bidding the butler a grave good-night.

Since he was a temporary butler, hired for the occasion, he had no way of telling whether they were guests or not.

Another recent robbery shows at least one of the ways in which the marauders obtained the keys that often simplify their entrances.

Mr. M. Geneen, the proprietor of a jewelry shop, was walking along the street, when a car, labelled "Doctor," drew up beside him. The driver jumped out, explained that he was on his way to perform an emergency operation and said that he had forgotten the keys of his instrument case.

"Mind if I borrow your keys for a moment?" he asked. "One of them might fit."

The unsuspecting jeweler handed them over, and in less than a minute they were returned, with thanks.

Geneen thought nothing more of the incident until the next day, when he found that his shop had been pilfered of \$60,000 worth of jewels. Lying on one of the cases was a note, reading, "Much obliged for the key." It was signed, "The Dandies."

Police deduced that the "doctor" of the day before had contrived his "emergency operation" and "instrument case" for the sole purpose of taking a wax impression of Mr. Geneen's shop key.

Jewelers have suffered from the new outbreak of depredations almost as much as actresses. And, as Mr. Ernest Lowe, a gem dealer of Audley Street, is prepared to state, the gangsters don't always go to the trouble of borrowing a victim's keys. Sometimes they just take them.

He was on his way to work one morning last month when a car pulled up by the curb. Before he had realized what was happening, he found himself in the car, firmly wedged between two formidable looking individuals in caps. Twenty minutes later, bound and minus his keys, he was dumped out on Hampstead Heath.

That was a close call for the crooks, however, for he managed to wriggle free of his bonds and run to a police station. A flying squad made straight for his establishment, arriving to find that it had already been broken into. The gangsters' car was disappearing around the corner. So far they haven't been caught.

Then, there was the unique hold-up of John Champion, well-known diamond dealer. A Mr. Walters induced him to take a selection of valuable stones to a prospective woman buyer in Paddington.

When they entered the house, two strangers emerged from the shadows. "What are you doing



Jeanne Stuart, One of Five Actresses Robbed by "The Dandies" on Five Consecutive Nights.

here?" they demanded. "We are police officers."

Champion was bound and gagged and his pockets rifled. Missing some of the best stones, his attackers threatened to torture him if he did not produce them. They unbound his arms and the jeweler was forced literally to disgorge several gems which he had secreted in his mouth.

Warning him he would be a dead man if he made a sound the gang left after rebinding and regagging him.

Some people feel that if ever Scotland Yard really needed the help of some of those fabulous amateur sleuths, who are always helping them in fiction, now is the time.

Yet, judging from recent official statements, the police are confident that it's just a matter of time until their most recent enemies fall into their hands.

Thus, the public as a whole is optimistic, the crooks are preying on that optimism, and the police are optimistically looking forward to catching the crooks.

Which—except for the fact that a lot of people are being robbed—you might call an all-around happy state of affairs.



Lady Bruntisfield, Wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, Went to a Gay Dinner Party—And Lost \$50,000 Worth of Jewelry.

not, pave the way for future robberies.

Collating the material brought in from all these sources, the gangs are able to stage forays, whose precise timing gives them the appearance of inside jobs.

The recent experience of Lady Bruntisfield, wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, is a case in point.

Having taken \$50,000 worth of jewelry from the bank, she cached it in her Grosvenor Street apartment overnight, expecting it to be called for and sold the following day. That evening she went out to dinner.

"When I got back," she said, "the place was a mess and the jewels were gone. Somehow, the thieves must have learned of my plans, because up till now I have kept scarcely any valuables in my home."

As impressive as their knowledge of the habits of their victims are the boldness and nonchalance of these latter-day highwaymen.

Breaking into Tudor House, Broxbourne, Hertfordshire, late at night some weeks ago, they herded all the occupants into the dining room, cut the telephone wires, trussed up a couple of the more aggressive guests and then, breaking open the safe, helped themselves to rings, pearl necklaces, brooches and watches.

A few nights later, the same high-riding band descended on the home of Marie Clay, in Nottingham. When she refused to hand over the key to her safe, they bound her and calmly proceeded to chisel the safe out of the wall.

During this operation, one of the thugs, apparently not much good with the chisel, whiled away his time by tapping the unco-operative Marie on the head with one of the other tools they had brought along, a hammer.

So many Brits are engaged in war work of one kind or another that the majority of flats and houses are left unoccupied from early morning until late at night. Which, of course, means that those in the burglar trade can usually count on ideal working conditions.

Also helpful, from their point of view, is the rapid turnover of personnel in shops and department stores. With old employees constantly being called up for war service and new ones being

GREEN BLOOD

Sunbathing on Grass Can Be Dangerous, for the Chlorophyll Rubs Off Freely on the Skin and Its Ability to Absorb a Large Amount of Sunlight May Cause a Deep, Dangerous Burn.

New Medical Magic From the "Trapped Sunlight" in Chlorophyll, the Mysterious Pigment of Plants

By GOBIND BEHARI LAL

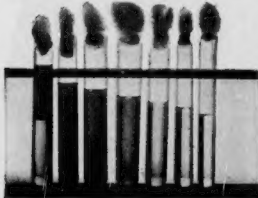
GNoted Science Analyst
REEN transfusions to put new life in the veins of down-at-the-heel "bluebloods" might conceivably be a future step in the progress of medical science—but right now it's red-blooded members of the fighting forces who are most likely to profit by recent experiments on the use of "green blood" in the healing of wounds.

Chlorophyll, the new medical magic, is one of the most plentiful things on earth. It's the coloring matter that makes leaves green.

While the pigment doesn't actually flow through veins, like our own red blood cells, it stores up power needed for growth and might be called the life blood of plants. By a secret process on which Nature holds the patent, chlorophyll traps sunlight and uses that solar energy to manufacture starch and sugar.

Now after millions of years tending its own ciros—and incidentally furnishing man with food, fuel and plenty of oxygen—this mysterious green pigment turns out to be a remarkable stimulator of human cells, too.

Applied to a serious burn that



The Color of These Test Tubes of "Green Blood" Varies With the Amount of Chlorophyll They Contain.

6 March 28, 1944



Green Areas in the Leaves of This Hybrid Geranium Contain the New Medical Magic. The Albino Borders Yield None.

might take 12 days to heal under ordinary treatment, chlorophyll ointment reduces the time for complete repair to about nine days. Wet packs of chlorophyll solution on wounds, even if they're infected, enable most patients to recover in three-quarters of the normal time.

The remarkable healing properties of chlorophyll were pointed out recently in the American Journal of Surgery by Dr. Lawrence W. Smith and Prof. Alfred E. Livingston of Temple University, Philadelphia.

In their experimental laboratory these experts treated 1,372 surgical wounds and burns with 17 different types of medicinal preparations. Five of these were jellies, ointments and solutions of chlorophyll varying slightly in composition; four were sulfa drugs; the others included vitamin compounds, the relatively new Bio-dyne ointment, and other standard

remedies for wounds. More than 800 similar wounds were left untreated for comparison. Of all these treatments none was found to equal chlorophyll for speed of healing.

The sulfa drugs actually delayed wound repair except in cases of infection, when they speeded the cure.

"Green blood" wasn't baffled by germ infection, either. It simply went right on stimulating the growth of healthy tissues in spite of the bacteria.

So far there is no proof that chlorophyll actually kills germs, but it seems to stop them in their tracks and keep them from multiplying. Drs. Smith and Livingston suggest that chlorophyll sets free oxygen which is able to break down certain germ substances.

Another theory of how plant pigment combats infection in man is that it merely strengthens the walls of the body's cells so much that they are completely fortified against attack.

While the two Temple University doctors have told us about the healing effect on external wounds, other doctors report amazing recoveries from internal infections like peritonitis, brain ulcers and ruptured appendix when the green plant pigment was used.

Serious mouth disorders such as Vincent's angina and advanced cases

of pyorrhea have been cured by this new treatment.

And not to be sneezed at is the spectacular record of 1,000 cases of sinus trouble and head colds which chlorophyll packs in the nasal passages and sinuses cleared up. Patients felt immediate relief and many of the colds were completely cured with-

in 24 hours.

But sometimes chlorophyll can cause injuries as well as cure them.

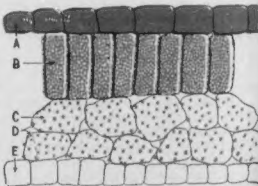
Nudists—and sunbathers less unclad—are warned not to rub grasses and leaves against their skins because this causes an accumulation of chlorophyll which absorbs a great deal of sunlight and which may cause a deep burn. That is one argument for sunning on the beach instead of on the lawn.

In some plants, such as the decorative Coleus, the chlorophyll is hidden underneath a layer of red pigment, (A) in the diagram below. Specialized structures called chloroplasts—the green dots D—appear in layer B, and more sparsely in C. These contain the medical magic, chlorophyll.

The underside of the leaf (E) again contains none of this potent green pigment.

Experiments on rats indicate that chlorophyll in the diet helps to build up the red blood cells, and indications are now that its importance in medicine hasn't yet been fathomed, by any means.

But right now medicos suggest wider use of this green blood for healing war wounds.



Green Pigment Globules Are Shown in a Cross Section of the Coleus Leaf. (For Explanation See Text.)

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



Joseph de Riquet, Prince de Chimay, Who Now Is Just a Plain G. I. Joe.

All the Historic Settings Were in Place for a Fairy-Tale Romance When Royal Joe Chimay Met the American Girl — But They'll Live Happily Even Though Romance Went Haywire

By SYLVIA LYON

AS YOUNG Joseph de Riquet, 25th Prince of the ancient Belgian house of Chimay, can testify, old scores aren't the only things that are being paid off in this war. Old debts are being settled, too.

Joe, as his aristocratic pals used to call him, is now an American citizen, recently inducted into the U. S. Army.

And the story of how he became just another G. I. Joe is the story of the final payment of a debt, incurred back in the 18th century.

At the beginning, he had no idea it was to be that kind of a story. When he first met Mary Simms Oliphant, during the 1937 winter season at Grenoble, Switzerland, he thought it was going to be a love story.

Studying at the University of Paris that year, Mary, a native of Greenville, S. C., had gone to Grenoble to spend her Christmas vacation. Joe was also on vacation, from his preparatory school in Brussels, Belgium.

They made a striking couple, he, tall and dark, she blond and petite. For two weeks they were together every day, skating, skiing, dancing. Watching them, fellow guests predicted that a new branch would soon be added to the de Chimay family tree.

However, princes do not wed as commoners. Protocol must be observed, elaborate preliminary moves have to be made.

In June, Mary visited the fabled Chateau de Chimay, to meet her admirer's family. His mother was predisposed in favor of Americans; not only had she been a bridesmaid at the wedding of Belle Willard and Kermit Roosevelt, but her brother-in-law, Joe's uncle, was married to the former Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, of New York.

Now where these the family's only ties with what they were inclined to regard as the New World across the sea.

Hanging in one of the Chateau's salons was the portrait and framed death warrant of Madame Therese Tallien, feminine Scarlet Pimpernel of the French Revolution.

"She was my great-great-grandmother," Joe explained and went on



Shades of Madame Tallien and Aristocrats She Helped Must Have Hovered As Her Great-Grandson Greeted the Girl Who Helped Him.



Visiting the Chateau de Chimay, Mary Saw This Famous Salon, Containing the Portrait and Death Warrant of Madame Therese Tallien.

proudly to tell how she had effected the escape to America of a veritable army of fugitives from the Terror.

Since it pleased him to entertain on a large scale, her husband, the ruthless Director of the Commune in the Biscay region, had offered no objections to Madame's large staff of servants.

He was ignorant of the fact that, under orders of their mistress, butlers, footmen, cooks and waiters would at night doff his livery and in nondescript attire haunt the Bordeaux waterfront cafes, meeting

aristocrats who were waiting for a chance to flee the turbulent country.

These contacts made, the servants would then interview the captains and crews of American sailing vessels in port. Secret passages were arranged, and wherever required, Madame Tallien would pay the fare out of her unsuspecting husband's well-filled pocket.

When her one-woman underground movement was at last discovered, it looked as though she would meet the fate from which she had, by then, saved 1300 men, women and children.

However, in one of the most dramatic episodes of the Revolution, she denounced the Terror's guiding genius, Robespierre, and so bold was the stroke, so great her eloquence that his head was struck off; hers, spared.

Later, she divorced her husband, married the 19th Prince de Chimay and assured the continuing success of her career by befriending a then

Topsy Turvy Tale: Beauty Rescues Prince — But Marries a Marine

little-known young man named Bonaparte.

"So you see," said Joe Chimay, "our family has quite a stake in your country, for we helped to populate it."

Mary pretended to be impressed, but at the time was more interested in her connection with Madame Tallien's great-great-grandson than with that lady's connection with the United States.

Before many months had passed she was moved to revise this important opinion.

It was decided that she and Joe should put off getting married until he had completed his education. She returned to Greenville, and there the account of her Arabian Nights adventures evoked the astonishing information that her own great-great-grandmother, who had sailed from Bordeaux during the Revolution, might-very well have been one of those whom her fiancé's great-great-grandmother had rescued.

Before she could write Joe this news, a second Terror, the terror of the swastika, had descended on Europe.

Fleeing from it, the Prince de Chimay, his mother and younger brother got to Vichy.

When Mary received word that they were stranded there, virtual prisoners because of Joe's uncle's de

Gaullist sympathies, she immediately set in motion the elaborate machinery necessary to get him out.

Armed with a scholarship, which she had obtained for him at Furman University, in Greenville, she won his release.

She was at the dock when his ship arrived, Joe said:

"We're still going to get married, aren't we? I've been looking forward to it for so long..."

"Well, as a matter of fact," she said, "I—ah—you said it."

And, turning, she motioned to a handsome young man in a Marine uniform, who had been hovering in the background.

"Arthur," she said, "I want you to meet the Prince de Chimay, Joe, my husband, Arthur Furman."

Later, when he had collected himself, Joe asked why—as long as things were apparently as they were—she had gone to all this trouble for his sake.

"Because of Madame Tallien," she said. "I wanted to pay back a debt." And then she told him about HER great-great-grandmother.



Mary Simms Oliphant, Greenville, S. C., Who Met the Prince When He Landed—but the Marine Had Landed First.

For you... Softer, Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!



"My skin's so much softer, smoother — since I started the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," says this lovely bride, Mrs. Everett G. Grantham of Louisville, Kentucky. "I wouldn't be without fragrant Camay for my complexion care."



CHERISH CAMAY It's patriotic to save
soap in wartime!



Exciting skin tests prove Camay is Really Mild

Glorious! The softer, sweeter appeal — that comes to your skin with just one cake of Camay — when you change from improper care to regular mild cleansing — when you go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions...on girls with skin like YOURS! And most complexions simply bloomed — noticeably softer, fresher, clearer — with the *first* cake of Camay.



So mild... it cleanses without irritation

These tests proved Camay's mildness... proved it can benefit the skin. "Camay is really mild," said the specialists, "it cleansed without irritation." No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet brings such striking improvement to complexions. So get Camay tonight... and see how *one* cake can bring new, softer charm to your skin.

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Simply cream Camay over face — forehead, nose, chin. Feel how this mild lather seems to soften your skin. Now — rinse warm. Give *oily* skins an extra C-O-L-D splash!

Simple, isn't it? — but see how Camay's mild care, night and morning, makes skin really glow! Your very *first* cake means lovelier skin!

- 1. Use just enough Camay for a good lather — make your cake last 2 or 3 weeks!
- 2. Don't let Camay stand in water — that dissolves and wastes it.
- 3. Keep your soap dish dry... or use a perforated dish.
- 4. Tuck Camay saviors in a bathmat — for grand mild-lather baths.



Glamorous Star of the Moscow Ballet, the Great Luba Galachikoff, After She Had Swapped Dancing Slippers for Flying Boots.



Anthony Fokker, Pioneer Plane Designer, Who Turned the Danseuse's Interest to Aviation.

The FLYING BALLERINA Now SPINS a TAXI

Her Membership Card in the "Early Birds" Is a Prized Possession of the Taxi-Driving Ballerina-Aviatrix.

1903



1916

MEMBER - 1944

This is to certify that

L. PHILLIPS

is a member of the EARLY BIRDS in good standing with dues paid in full up to 1945.

Frank T. Coffey

President

A FORMER Russian nobleman who was close to the Czar's household in the glamorous pre-Soviet era of old St. Petersburg boarded a taxi the other day near Times Square.

He never even noticed the taxi driver until he heard a soprano voice yelling to a cab ahead:

"Get out of the way, please. Do you think you own this street?"

This was in the usual New York taxi-cab scene, but the feminine voice caught the passenger's ear.

He said casually:

"This must be hard work for a woman."

"It's hard work for anybody," answered the lady driver somewhat gruffly. "In my time, I've made a hundred forced landings in planes but I was never so scared or had to think so fast as the first time a taxi cowboy forced me up to the sidewalk."

The mention of the planes made the nobleman perk up his ears and glance at the driver's card fastened inside the cab.

There was the designation "Driver 52648," and the name "Luba Phillips."

"Luba," he said, thoughtfully.

Then: "I don't want to be inquisitive, Miss, but who are you, anyway?"

"My name was Luba Galachikoff, now it's Phillips," the driver answered.

And suddenly it all came back to her inquisitive fare.

The driver was none other than the great Luba, the Russian Flying Ballerina who had, long ago, started with the Moscow Imperial Ballet and later became known to fliers of the world as the "Grandmother of Aviation."

It was queer that Luba, the ballet dancer, should be driving a taxi. For among her other achievements and

honors, Luba is New York's only woman member of the "Early Birds," an organization of aviators so exclusive that even Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, the flying ace, is not qualified. He began to fly in 1916, too late to be acceptable.

Luba was a contemporary of an array of ballet celebrities such as Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Corali and many other dancers who, under the tutelage of Michael Fokine, toed their way to fame with the old Moscow Imperial Ballet.

She danced before the crowned heads of pre-1914 Europe and earned the applause of the greatest artists before she was 15. Then she threw her glittering career away to become a famous aviatrix.

It was the best-known route to fame and fortune under the Czars. It was the Russian equivalent to the Ziegfeld Follies, or today's Hollywood.

Tony Fokker, famous pioneer flier and plane designer, saw pretty Luba in the ballet and fell in love at first sight. He was much older and his words of love went in one ear and out the other. But something else he

told her stuck:

"The coordination of mind and muscle which makes you a good dancer would make you a great flier."

A year later, in 1911, she received an international pilot's license—a distinction even for men in those days.

She took her first solo flight from a St. Petersburg field, in an old "pusher-type" biplane.

The following year, with Fokker, she made the almost unbelievable record of a flight to Berlin.

There Luba met other aviators, including Herman Goering, then slim and gentle of manner. All were missionaries of the gospel of aviation, which would make mankind angels by giving it wings.

Then she flew the first Fokker military plane ever built.

That same year, 1912, she demonstrated a new type Fokker, in flight from Berlin to Le Bourget Field at Paris, with a crack-up landing.

Still swathed in bandages, she won an altitude contest, with a world's record of 8,500 feet, beating such stars as Bleriot, Latham, Schneider and Nieuport.

In 1914, she gave her services to Russia, under Igor Sikorsky, inventor of the great multi-motored planes of that name, flying Red Cross supplies to the front, until the October Revolution when, like Sikorsky and all other White Russians, she fled.

Now Plain Luba Phillips, Taxi Pilot and Only Woman Member of the "Early Birds," Snootiest Organization of Aviators.

Before she fled, they say, she was even imprisoned by the Reds because she refused to fly for them.

Eventually she came to America, where she helped her old friend Sikorsky in perfecting his automatic stabilizer.

Then she found herself in an unrequited romance. The gentleman involved was Vladimir Rachevsky, brother-in-law of Grand Duke Boris.

The main defect in this romance was the fact that Vladimir was married to the daughter of the late and wealthy S. W. Straus.

It ended quite definitely when Luba reminded Vladimir that she had lent him \$40,000 obtained by pawning a platonic diamond necklace given her by Fokker. She collected.

Later she married, Boris Phillippoff, former owner of a St. Petersburg department store. He died four years ago.

During the war she passed the Civilian Aviation Authority's examination, but they would not let her fly, even in the Civilian Air Patrol.

Woman's meanest enemy, Old Man Time, had caught up with her. And so she became a taxi driver instead. Asked if she meant to continue in the taxi business after the war she said:

"Absolutely! But not this kind, of course. The taxi of the future is the air taxi, the helicopter."





POLICE DEPARTMENT
CITY OF NEW YORK

EXPIRES MARCH 31, 1944

LUBA PHILLIPS

DRIVER 52648

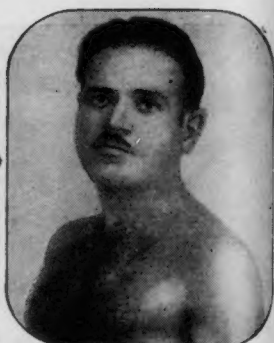
PASSENGERS—For your protection keep a record of above name and number. Refer complaints to a Police Officer in Hack License Bureau, 156 Greenwich Street, New York City.

LEWIS J. VALENTINE - Police Commissioner

Luba's New York Hack License, Latest Achievement in Her Hazardous Career.

March 26, 1944

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 9



Dr. J. N. Goldwasser, No. 1 Adam of Panama's Parthenogenetic Eden.

Fathers ARE Necessary "Paradise Scientist" Has Learned

The Great Experiment in Panama's Manufactured Eden Has At Last Convinced Optimistic But Unromantic Dr. Goldwasser That the Sun Can't Take a Papa's Place

SOMETHING has gone wrong with the theory of parthenogenesis at Boqueron, Panama, where the Tropical Paradise of Scientific Living, Inc. has been trying to produce children merely with the aid of the sun's rays. It just hasn't worked.

For ten years the comely wives of Dr. Jacob N. Goldwasser's "ideal" colony have been exposing their epidermis—almost all of it, in fact—to the passionate glare of Old Sol but not a single miracle has interrupted their state of married-single blessedness.

Doc Goldwasser was pretty sure he knew all the answers back in 1933 when he set out to establish a Garden of Eden without a solitary snake, nor even a wolf.

"We believe in parthenogenesis," he explained then, the "we" apparently referring to the recruits he had gathered for his experiment in scientific living. "That means birth without previous romance. Fathers will not be necessary to a race living in the sun, which is the principle of fertility."

He explained that "we expect it will take ten years to work that out."

Of course, some children have made their appearance during the Ten Year Plan, but the sun must be held strictly unaccountable. Their arrival can be attributed to another

When Old Sol Failed the Tropical Paradise Pioneers They Tolerated Romance in "An Annual Mating Season."



Mrs. Goldwasser, Who Shares Her Husband's Dislike of Convention, Competition and Money.



Colonist Jack Friedman and His New Bride, Also a Scientific Living Convert.

feature of Doc Goldwasser's modus operandi, also outlined in 1933:

"Until parthenogenesis begins, we will have an annual mating season, like the birds and chimpanzees. Being married is like going to the country. Once a year, for a few weeks, is sufficient."

It must be admitted that ideas, at that time, were sprouting from the brain of the good doctor with parthenogenetic fertility.

"Have men fur all over themselves?" he demanded. "No! That shows that they aren't meant to live in this climate. Man is a tropical an-

imal and he must live where his skin can breathe the whole year around and where the fruit ripens on trees so he can have his natural diet."

During that period Dr. Goldwasser, who was not only a Doctor of Orthopathy and Threpsology, but a graduate of the Clements School of Orthopathy of Hugo, Okla., was living in New York on steamed vegetables and fruit.

For some time he had been trying to form an organization to colonize some lush tropical land where men could live lightly and comfortably without benefit of convention, competition or money. He hoped to found a chain of such colonies.

One was established off the coast of Cuba and another at Boqueron, in Chiriqui Province, Panama. Thus was born the Tropical Paradise of Scientific Living, Inc.

Doc Goldwasser's wife had left him, because she didn't share his views on diet, or perhaps some of his other theories. But he moved on down to Panama, taking with him some 40 families whom he hoped to settle on 4,000 acres of bananas, pineapples and coconuts.

Fruits and vegetables, he maintained stoutly, were all a man needed to keep him in health.

"We are against bread," he declared, munching a bit of steamed Swiss chard. "Bread is made from grains, and grains are made to be eaten by birds, which have gizzards. Have you a gizzard?"

His audience, each member of which was gizzardless, listened further:

"Our new fruitarian colony will

be a second Garden of Eden. We will wear only shorts and sandals. Also, we will not cut our hair, because in cutting your hair you lose a lot of valuable minerals."

The good doctor's colonists, particularly the bachelor ones, apparently didn't share his views on parthenogenesis or once-a-year romancing, either. Their attentions to the fair daughters of the local Panamanians caused many a proud papa to polish up his shotgun and shout "Vamos!"

One of the sunburned pioneers, Jack Friedman of Freehold, N. J., wooed and won Anasaria Nunez Guerra, a quite attractive offspring of one of the oldest families in the neighborhood. He wooed her first by fattening her up with the colony's scientific diet and then by writing poetry to her in halting Spanish. He won her, however—and her papa's consent as well—by deeding to her two hectares (about five acres) of Tropical Paradise, worth about \$50.

Senor Guerra joined the hands of the young couple before an audience of natives and colonists. Chicha flowed like gin, and a two-man orchestra—accordion and drum—supplied music for an all-night dance. Jack led his bride into his bungalow, where she is still living happily ever after.

They're all happy, Dr. Goldwasser insists with pride.

"We have found our youth again, all of us. Our lungs are not filled with factory smoke. We wear few clothes, so that sunlight and fresh air can play on our bodies. We get up when we choose and go to bed when we are tired. There aren't any signboards to mar the beauty of our place. No cops to tell us to move over, stop and go. And we have freedom from all man-made economical situations."

It should be added here that Mrs. Goldwasser has returned to her husband and helps in the colony.

A new Ten Year Plan is now in operation. Maybe by the end of that time the fruitful sun will have been persuaded to be a little bit less bashful.



TREMENDOUS PRODUCTION

Meets a Tremendous Worldwide Transportation Problem

**4x2
MILITARY
TRUCKS**

**4x4
MILITARY
TRUCKS**

**6x6
MILITARY
TRUCKS**

Month after month, since long before Pearl Harbor, Chevrolet has been supplying the armed forces with huge numbers of military trucks.

It has built and delivered scores of thousands of 4x4 military trucks (four-wheelers with all wheels driven)—additional thousands of 4x2's (four-wheelers with rear-wheel drive) . . . and it has made equally impressive contributions to

the nation's production of 6x6 military trucks (six-wheeled vehicles with six wheels driven).

It takes tremendous production of all these units to meet America's tremendous worldwide transportation problem; and Chevrolet—largest builder of trucks in peacetime—is doing its full share to meet this need as part of its program of turning out VOLUME FOR VICTORY.

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VICTORY—
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Will They Let Dr. Wynekoop Die in Prison?

A New Effort to Free Dr. Wynekoop After 9 Years in Prison May Reveal Why and How Her Daughter-in-Law Was on Her Operating Table Chloroformed and Shot in the Heart.



By WILLIAM SEABROOK
WHO killed beautiful Rheta Wynekoop? Who seared and sealed her lovely lips with chloroform, then fired a bullet through her heart as she lay nude and helpless on an operating table ten years ago in the old Wynekoop mansion in Chicago?

The ghost of the pale young bride is walking again, called back from the grave by an appeal made recently to the Illinois pardon board and governor for the release of her mother-in-law, Dr. Alice Wynekoop, who has served nine years of a 25-year sentence, following her conviction for the weird, cruel murder.

It was a mysterious crime with elements which have never been solved, and now Dr. Bertha Van Hoesen, leading the appeal for Dr. Wynekoop's release, declares:

"She had no part whatever in that awful murder."

It was a tragedy which made big news at the time because of the prominence of the principals, the frail beauty of the girl, and the sinister, gruesome way she met her death.

Dr. Alice Wynekoop, then 62, was an eminent physician, active in charities and social welfare.

She lived and practiced in the family home at 3406 Monroe street, with her office in the basement.

Her handsome, spoiled son Earle, whom she fanatically loved, had married Rheta Gardner, daughter of an Indianapolis flour merchant. The bride came to her mother-in-law's house because Earle had no job.

She was a fluff-haired, super-sensitive girl of 23, flower-like, fragile, frequently ill. Her husband was soon playing about with other "sweethearts," and Dr. Wynekoop, absorbed in her son, was said to have disliked the useless little bride.

There were several other colorless relatives in the house and an old-maid schoolteacher, who had been a lodger for years. But none of them was ever suspected, nor was of any importance as a witness in the case.

On the night of the murder, the things Dr. Wynekoop said and did—even more, the things she didn't say and didn't do—have remained a mystery.

Dr. Alice Wynekoop and Her Son Earle Told Conflicting Stories of Their Actions.



Pretty Rheta Wynekoop, Victim of Chicago's Most Fantastic Murder.

The first the outside world knew of the tragedy was at 10 P. M., Nov. 21, 1933, when Dr. Wynekoop telephoned a friend, a neighboring undertaker, Tom Ahern, to say that her daughter-in-law had "just died," and would he "please come over and get the body."

When Undertaker Ahern arrived, he was led to the office in the basement. A body lay wrapped in a blanket on the operating table. Ahern lifted the blanket.

The girl's body was entirely nude, and lay face downward. Ahern was amazed to see that a bullet had been fired pointblank through the back to the heart.

There were powder burns on the naked flesh. The girl's lips had been blistered with chloroform; Ahern recognized the odor. Rigor mortis had set in. A revolver lay wrapped fantastically in gauze on an adjoining table.

"But this is murder!" the undertaker exclaimed. "Why aren't the

police here? You know I can't touch this girl's body, much less remove it for burial."

Ahern rushed to the telephone. Homicide Captain John Stege and his squad arrived, and were bewildered. Dr. Wynekoop's sole contribution was that it "must have been an intruder who came in to steal my narcotics supply." Captain Stege didn't believe it, and as a result Dr. Wynekoop was arrested.

Then confusion was piled on confusion to an extent that had the police tearing their hair. First of all, Earle Wynekoop, with his mother in jail, appeared and made a voluntary "complete confession." He said he alone was guilty, and would swear it, and that his mother knew nothing of the crime.

The police soon discovered he'd been miles away, and was lying, presumably to save his mother. They told her of her son's "confession," but not that they knew it was phony. Whereupon, possibly to save her son, she in turn signed a confession, which she later denied.

She said that, in a panic, she had shot the girl who was already dead from chloroform as the result of an accident. She had hoped to blame the shooting on a thief and thus save her own reputation as a doctor.

If this had been believed, she might have escaped penalty by pleading guilty to involuntary manslaughter. Instead, she was put on trial for the murder, convicted in March, 1934, and sentenced at the age of 62 to 25 years.

What may have clinched the case in the minds of the jurors was that, only three weeks before the killing, she had insured her daughter-in-law for \$10,000, with the policy made out to herself.

But what had the police and prosecution puzzled—and leaves the element of mystery still—was why so intelligent, competent, cold and able a woman could have committed such a blatant and obvious murder.

As she was being sentenced nine years ago, the defense made the final plea that Dr. Wynekoop was ill and could not live long. Prosecutor Charles Dougherty, now a judge, retorted:

"She will probably outlive most of us."

And now with the mystery revived through the appeal for pardon and the passionate belief on the part of Dr. Van Hoesen, Bishop Hopkins of Chicago and other influential people in Dr. Wynekoop's innocence, Charles Dougherty's words seem to have been a prophecy.

For since that time death has come to Judges David and Miller who sat in the case; to Defense Attorney Milton B. Smith; to Warden David Money-penny who cared for the prisoner while she was in the county jail; and to Roy Arnold, state's attorney investigator who assembled much of the evidence.

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You're set for double smoking joy every time you make a date with Model. The double "a-h-h-h" of (1) Model's fine-tobacco flavor and (2) Model's easy-go-in' mildness. You'll say Model's downright good—right down to the bottom of every good-behavin' pipeload. For Model never goes hay-

wire under fire. Burns slow, cool and even. Stays lit. Leaves no gummy heel. Yessir—every puff of that good-tasting, good-smelling smoke tells you Model is "quality"—with a double "Q." So, to double your smoking joy—make a date with Model!



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MEH: Want a photograph of Katharine Aldridge—lovely artists' model? Send your name and address on a postcard (no letters, please) to: Model Tobacco, P. O. Box 37, Station O, New York 19, N. Y. We'll send you FREE, a gorgeous 7 1/2" x 9 1/2" full-color print suitable for pin-up or framing. Only one to a person. Offer good in U.S.A. only.

Make a date with **MODEL**



66 And the Earth Opened and Swallowed Them Up 77

Numbers, Ch. 26; V. 10

By WARREN HALL

HAD little Jule Ann Fulmer of Pittston, Pa., been old enough to know her Bible, she would have felt herself tragically snared recently in one of the Old Testament's most frightful dramas.

But Jule was only two, so for her, mercifully, there can have been only a few moments of bewildered, childish terror as the ground beneath her gave way and she was plunged downward into a smothering mass of moist, black earth.

Forty-eight hours later, after frantic toil by rescue crews, the child's body was found. And now she rests beneath a new mound in the Fulmer family burial plot—one more victim of a strange subterranean peril that allows more than a half million people to assert that they live, literally, on the edge of the grave.

The Pennsylvania mining regions where these half-million live is honey-combed, beneath the surface, by the hollow shafts and tunnels of the worked out anthracite mines.

Catastrophe ensues when one of these tunnels collapses. Streets vanish. Houses topple. Autos, buildings, people are engulfed.

Recently the danger has been increased by "bootleg miners" who wrest coal from abandoned veins and sell it on the blackest of black markets.

Little Jule Ann's fate was like that of the rebels in the Book of Numbers, whom the Lord caused "to be swallowed up." In Jule Ann's case, though—and in that of other victims of similar cave-ins—the peril was man-made—by the bootleg miners.

Parents living in the towns know that any day what happened to Jule Ann can happen to their children—or to themselves.

It was a peculiarly poignant bit of tragedy. Jule Ann, gray-eyed and flaxen-haired, lived at her grandfather's house in Pittston with her mother and her nine-year-old brother, David. Her father, George, is a seaman in the Navy.

Mama was busy that sunny afternoon, so Jule Ann and David went for a walk with their aunt, Mrs. Marie Mitchell. They strolled down Mill Street, a quiet thoroughfare pleasantly lined with maples and neat cottages. David, feeling very masculine, walked between his two ladies and held his sister's hand protectively.

Mrs. Mitchell gave each child a tangerine. Jule Ann withdrew her hand to peel the fruit. David and his aunt walked on, chatting.

Suddenly Mrs. Mitchell saw a tangerine roll past. She turned quickly. There was a moment



Residential Section of Pittston, Pa., After a Cave-In.

of breathless bewilderment and then she screamed.

Jule Ann had vanished. Where she had stood the earth had opened and the sidewalk was pouring down into the corridor of a coal mine.

The tragedy was not new to Pittston. This had happened before—too often—and a rescue crew was organized with calm efficiency. A steam shovel quickly opened the crevice to make room for shovelmen. In half-hour shifts the rescuers scooped out sand and slate in the desperate hope that Jule Ann might be found alive. She was not.

When the diggers had gone down twenty feet, a new squeeze sent them scrambling to the surface. From then on the work progressed slowly. It was two days before the battered body of the little girl was brought out, to be buried reverently, with hundreds of neighbors in the funeral cortege. Sorrow turned quickly into public indignation which spread through the entire hard coal region of Pennsylvania and reopened a bitter, half-century-old fight by property owners to protect themselves against what they consider the encroachments of the coal companies.

Rare indeed was the anthracite community which did not have its tale of woe. Cave-ins, or "subsidence," as the experts call them, have been an ever-present threat against the safety of half a million people in the cities, towns and villages that dot the thin coating of earth spread over one of the world's greatest coal deposits.

Hundreds of homes have been swallowed up, main thoroughfares have collapsed, schools and churches have cracked open, lives have been lost and even the dead have fallen through their coffin boards into pits below, to be buried anew by recurring landslides.

Pittston, a prosperous community of 18,000, is typical. Main Street, broad and asphalt-coated, is crowded with cars. Four banks, built of concrete and steel, two large motion picture theatres, office buildings, stores, hundreds of other buildings all rest on a shallow shell above deep coal mine galleries.

Every so often the shell breaks. It was only a few months ago that James McCabe, Jr., was walking with his three-year-old son, Donald, along the brow of a hill on Butler Street. Suddenly the ground gave way. The father flung his child from him as he felt himself sinking.

It was a narrow escape. McCabe was buried shoulder-deep in dirt and rocks. His instinctive action was all that saved Donald's life.

Last March a major catastrophe in Pittston was averted by a matter of a few hours. Pittston High School, of brick with granite trim, is occupied by 2,000 boys and girls during the day. On the night of March 24 it cracked open from cellar



Two-Year-Old Jule Ann Fulmer Lagged Behind Her Relatives to Peel a Tangerine—And the Earth Opened and Swallowed Her Up.



The Cave-In That Unfortunely Engulfed Jule Fulmer (Shown at Left of Diagram) Could Happen, and Often Has, to Complete Sections of the Many Pennsylvania Cities That Stand Literally on the Brink of Collapse Due to the Myriad of Shafts and Tunnels That Honeycomb the Ground Beneath Them.



Without Warning, This Building Near Scranton Half Disappeared Into an Old Mine Pit.

to roof. If this had occurred during school hours, officials said, the resultant panic might have taken scores of lives.

On the same wave of collapse, 100 private homes on Butler Hill dropped several feet into the ground. Five weeks later it was the new Catholic Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel that cracked—fortunately no worshippers were inside.

In Pittston's case, most of the trouble seems to come from one large vein, part of a coal mine owned by a large operating company and subleased at various levels to smaller enterprises doing the actual mining.

Other towns are plagued with near-surface veins. Scranton, which has a population of 140,000; Wilkes-Barre, 85,000; Hazleton, 38,000; Shenandoah, 25,000; Carbondale, 20,000; Duryea, 8,000.

When you buy a building lot in these and similar communities you may be asked to sign a waiver which gives you actual ownership of the surface only. What is underneath belongs to a coal company in the majority of cases.

Ordinarily you don't care. But in some parts of Pennsylvania's anthracite region, you can never be quite sure just what is going on down there beneath your basement. Some companies go after every last lump of coal it pays them to mine. If the vein spreads out for hundreds of square yards, it is chopped out in wholesale quantities with only an occasional pillar of coal left to support a city block.

The time comes when the operators decide they have taken out all they can extract profitably with their equipment. About this time, usually, they have reached the limit of safety for the people living above.

Some are "bootleg miners;" some are so-called "scavengers." The latter are small operators with limited capital, but with a sufficiently small overhead to eke out a profit from abandoned veins. They sublet the mines, agree to maintain the safety margin, and in most instances they abide by their agreement.

There have been times when the scavengers have kept their picks swinging long after the pit ceiling was too thin to hold any added weight. The most violent opponents of the system will maintain that some operators wait until the ground is broken so they can pull down a few additional cubic inches of black gold without risking their own lives. When they have cleaned out everything, they vanish, leaving damaged property owners above with nobody to sue for compensation if an accident follows.

Another trick attributed to the more unconscionable scavengers and bootleggers is called "rolling the pillars." Timber gold without replacing the columns of coal left previously to hold up the roofs. Then the coal is carted away. In a few years the timbers rot and down comes the ground above.

When everyone else has abandoned a mine, the bootlegger gets in his liks. He has no lease, no

contract, not even the permission of the mine owner. He works secretly, usually at night, and his every-last-lump efforts are the most dangerous of all. He'll rob the pillars and not even bother with wooden replacements.

You've got to be a mighty old man in the coal fields to remember when all this trouble started. In 1870, Simon Jones was reading a newspaper one evening in the living room of his home in Scranton, Pa., when he and the room dropped several feet into a vein of a mine operated by the Wagner Coal Company.

Jones sued for damages and won, but not until the case was taken to the State Supreme Court. It ruled that, in the absence of any agreement to the contrary, the mine owner was liable for any damage his operations might cause overhead.

After that, most coal companies in selling ground insisted on a clause—later known as the "cutthroat waiver"—which absolved the company of liability due to surface subsidence.

The Calvinist Methodist Church of Scranton signed a waiver and erected a solid edifice on its new site. On a Sunday in 1890, while the congregation was at prayer, the church walls split with a roar that sounded like the crack of doom. There was a panic but no injuries. The congregation sued the coal company but lost.

The City of Scranton carried the suit to the State Supreme Court, but in a ruling called the Dred Scott decision of the coal industry, the court held that a surface owner had few if any claims when a waiver was in his deed.

The fight went on. In 1919 a school in West Scranton was partially destroyed by a cave-in. Public indignation brought a State law which compelled coal companies to file maps in advance of any new operations underground. There was another bill levying a tax on anthracite and refunding half the money to the undermined cities, but the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional.

Individual tragedies kept attention focused on the constant menace. Robert Warburton, 11, was playing marbles with two boys in front of his Scranton home on Jan. 7, 1919. He leaned forward to aim his agate. A hole opened up. Before the eyes of his playmates, he toppled into it and died.

The Glen Alden Coal Company had been mining there. Two of its officials were indicted for manslaughter but a jury acquitted them.

Pressure from the mining communities two years later brought passage of the Kohler-Powder bill, designed to make the coal companies responsible for any surface damage. The United States Supreme Court, however, ruled in favor of the mining companies, holding that the waiver clause was valid.

As if in answer to the ruling, ten blocks of busy Main Boulevard in Scranton collapsed in 1915. Homes by the hundreds, churches, business establishments, even cemeteries went down.

But in the meantime Old King Coal is on his throne again. The black stuff that feeds the stoves and furnaces of the nation is scarcer and more precious than ever. Scavengers and bootleggers are picking away at ever-thinning supports. Above them life goes on, and the dwellers of the coal country tread on the edge of death.

As the Others Walked On, Suddenly the Roof of an Abandoned Shaft Gave Way and Little Jule Plunged Downward in a Smothering Mass of Rubble.



"But, sugar,
you're not reviewing me !!!"



1. **ANN:** And a good thing for you, my sweet! For if you lined up for inspection in my company—with that shrunk-up shirt—you'd be *migh-ty seen!*
ED: But, Captain—I mean honey—would you slap your ever-loving husband into the guardhouse for one shrunk-up shirt? After all, I can always buy another.



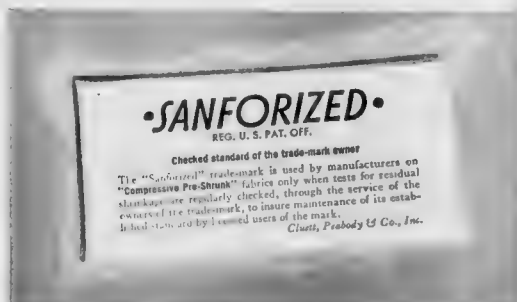
2. **ANN:** Now look, my treasure. Buying new shirts every other week is a shameful waste. Remember, it takes scarce-as-gold materials, plus manpower, to make shirts.
ED: So, my uniformed lollypop, you're a secret agent of the OPA! You want me to shuttle to Washington in a shirt which is first cousin to a guillotine!



4. **ANN:** Not if I have to call out the guard to stop you, my sweet! For it isn't patriotic to buy "armloads" of anything today. If you really need a shirt—get it. But promise me you'll never buy a shirt—or anything shrinkable unless it has the "Sanforized" label.
ED: Something tells me that I'll be the first man to have a General for a wife!



3. **ANN:** Not at all, darling! But haven't you—a key man—ever heard tell of the "Sanforized" label? With that label on your shirts, they can't shrink over a measly 1 per cent by the Government's Standard Test!
ED: Sassy, they really teach you something in the WACs besides "Hut, two, three, four!" don't they? Tomorrow, sir—er, hon, I'm off for an armload of "Sanforized"-labeled shirts.



5. Look for the "Sanforized" label on all washables. It's your assurance that the fabric can't shrink more than 1% in men's and women's work clothes... men's shirts, shorts, pajamas... women's sportswear, housedresses, slips... washables for boys and girls... slip covers, drapes. Be patient if your store doesn't have it. But don't ever stop asking for it by name.



AVOID WASTE...GET PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

Tailors Are Plotting the 3-Way Stretch, Knee-High Pockets, (Each Leg a Perfect Pant) and All the Comforts of a Sarong—But the Stitch in Time Is Postponed Until After the War

By ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER
Author of "Freaking Engagements With an Iron," "Auntie in Your Pants," "Farewell to Glass Kicks" and "Who Makes the Clothes That Tailors Put in Their Windows?"

AT A RECENT convention in Chicago, the American Merchant Tailors decided to start making expandable pants.

Not since the Apaches of the Western plains invented the wrap around Tuxedo has there been such an important innovation in gents' garb.

Nobody knows what happens to a fat man's lap when he stands up. But everybody knows where it goes when he sits down.

The star-spangled sartorialists will take care of that excess baggage by a revolutionary design in the Rochester Father Hubbards that will ease all the stresses and strains and take up the slack like a cowhide drying in the mid-day sun.

If you are an apoplectic dude whose breadth comes in wide pants they will form-fit you by first measuring you stalk-wise like corn in Iowa, sitting down like an English heavyweight or recumbent like the vanquished in a strangulation tournament.

The result will be that the bagalons will fit tighter than a coward's scalp and the overlapping silhouette will be as symmetrical as a Grecian tear jug.

They will do that by a manipulated arrangement of zippers and pleats that will make a man resemble a self-playing accordion without the side handles. These post-war pants will be worn without belts, suspenders, girdles or buttons. The obese boulevardier with the patent leather kicks and the striped strides will deploy into the custom tailor's and ask to gander the kaleidoscopic burlap.

After selecting his favorite stencil for the seasonal awnings he will be tabulated and indexed for the usual jacket. From there the nine little tailors will add a tenth man in motion who will progress from the Chinese abacus to Indian smoke signals by easy stages until in mercantile mathematics where the Sans Cullottes merge into Plus Fours.

The subject will be placed in an adjustable seat combining the best features of the end chair in a barber shop and the greasing pole in the corner garage. He will be lifted into the air and the tenth man will break



Plenty of Sitting Room Even for Fat Men in the New Trousers With Snap Fasteners to Let the Waistline Expand When, and Where It Will.



"Bugs" Baer Visualizes The Revolution in Pants



Belts and Braces Will No Longer Be Needed to Defeat the Gravitational Pull on Pants. The Adjustable Clasp Will Hold 'Em Up and the Slide Fastener on Vest Will Give Plenty of Stretching Room.

For the Future—The Streamlined Undies, With Transparent Trapping—Still a Highly Speculative Possibility.



The New Chapeau Zips Down the Middle, Folds Up Like the Arab's Tent and Is Silently Stowed Away in Your Pocket.

out a measuring tape and smite him hip and thigh.

Measuring the crucial circumference will be accomplished in mid-air. In the next stage the client will be lowered and cheered around a half-mile track while he will be measured on the dead gallop. The arrangement of zippers on the sides and the pleats in the rear will sound an orchestral concerto produced by the Aeolian melody of freshly honed zithers and the skirl of kilts.

The zippers will be concealed on the two outer seams of the trouser welts. All the surplus slack will be taken up by amazing stretching bands concealed in the trouser seams.

This zipper arrangement will enable subway pickpockets to divest you of your pants with dexterity and aplomb that know no rationing. Thereby certifying the Latin meaning of pantomime, "Panto" meaning "trousers" and "mime" meaning "minus."

When the Merchant Tailors decided on the expandable sarongs at their convention in Chicago, they adopted the same slogan for men that Kaiser uses for boats. Namely, start the construction at the keel.

So 1947 will be a wonderful world for us corpulent Brummells who look like fugitives from a laundry bag. And all because some brilliant scissor engineer figured that man spends 85 per cent of his life sitting down and is short-changed on the other 15 per cent.

Another remarkable improvement in formal overalls will be the sliding pants pocket. Did you ever peg a fat boy trying to reach his hip cache for his giggles, his poke or his hanky? He goes through more wasted motions than a cinnamon bear fighting humble bees.

The postwar pockets will be spotted below the knee-cap. No more squirming while driving cars or airplanes. The bagger your knees the richer you will be. These pockets will also be zippered and after observing what the tailors are doing to mansupial pouches we don't blame Australian kangaroos for taking such long hops.

There is also a breakaway evening hat that zippers into two sections and can be slashed away in the knee pocket. There by saving a two-bit check at the La Storko or the El Murdiero.

By 1950 we will zipper our tents like the Arabs and silently steal away. If you hear the wrecking crew clanging 60 an hour at midnight you will not

know whether a trolley has jumped a curve or whether a zipper has jammed.

I'm hoping that the utilization of these palpitating seams and built-in hinges will improve my appearance in the scintillating new universe due to arrive on Track 1947.

I fear the tailors are barking up the wrong clothestree.

My status in fashion is that of the old bezzark who moved to a new town and was advised by a friend to acquire raiment fitting his great wealth.

The old fellow said: "What's the difference? Nobody knows me."

Fifteen years later the friend came back and again met the miser still wearing the same old bags.

"What's the difference?" said the old boy. "Everybody knows me."

Far-Reaching Benefits of the Revolution—Or Evolution—of Trousers Will Be Shared by the Whole Family.



"God Is MY Doctor"

The Real Story of
Her Battle Against
Infantile Paralysis *by Sister*
Elizabeth Kenny



CHAPTER I

OUTSIDE, a cold wind blows and the trees are bare. Dusk is stealing over the city of Minneapolis and in a little while the stars will come out of hiding and there will be a wisp of a moon low in the sky. In a little while my children will be asleep.

Now I can hear their voices and their laughter drifting from the wards into the warm halls of the Elizabeth Kenny Institute.

There are 54 of them tucked in their beds. Fifty-four straight little bodies. Not a twisted or deformed limb. Not a haunted, pain-drawn face.

This, with the aid of God, can be done for all the children of the world who become victims of that dread cripple of childhood—infantile paralysis.

Oh, there are many in this and other lands who walk with halting, tortured steps. On crutches. In medieval contraptions of leather and steel. In torture chambers known as iron lungs.

Why? Because no one would listen. Because they wouldn't believe that a lowly bush nurse from the lonely and wild and weirdly beautiful Australian bush had stumbled on the answer to the question that had baffled medical science since the days of the Pharaohs.

Stumbled? No. Chosen, rather. Chosen by that Great Power that rules the universe as the instrument to ease the pain and straighten the little bodies and make them walk again. For I know, I say it reverently, that God was my Directing Doctor on that bright winter day 33 years ago when I discovered a new concept of the disease of poliomyelitis, and a treatment for it.

I was a girl of 23. I had seen pain before, and suffering before. I had seen life begin and I had seen life end. For I was a nurse stationed in that lonely never, never land known as The Bush.

June 12, 1910. That was the day. I had been nursing only a year. I loved it. I loved the wild rides across the bush on my horse Thunderbolt. I loved racing toward a lonely ranch house in answer to an emergency call for the "Sister" as nurses are styled in Australia.

That afternoon a tired horseman drew up to the gate. It was one of the riders on the McNeill homestead, 15 miles away.

"Amy is sick," he said shyly. "Very sick. They

want you to come at once."

I nodded and mounted my waiting horse. I wasn't worried.

A stomachache, perhaps. A chill, or perhaps a bit of fever. So many times I had ridden forth in answer to a plea for help to find nothing more than a little boy or a girl being punished by the burdened body for a too active appetite.

Fifteen miles—then down a slope into a little valley where, under the towering eucalyptus, stood the humble McNeill home.

Here in my office in the Institute, 33 years almost a lifetime—later, I can still remember that house. It was built of slabs, with a gabled roof of bark, and there was a long veranda in front. Mr. McNeill, a giant of a man, was pacing up and down the veranda and I knew by the look on his face that this was no trivial thing. He raced toward me as I swung out of the saddle.

"Thank God, you've come," he said.

"What's wrong?"

"Amy—I don't know—but she's in awful pain." I ran along the walk and up the steps and into a long, low room with papered walls and a hard packed floor made with the earth taken from ant beds and mixed with water to form a sort of cement.

Mrs. McNeill heard the door slam and came hurrying out of the bedroom, her lovely face a mask of fear. She was a young woman, tall and strong, and full-bodied, as most Australian women are, and the last time I had seen her there was laughter on her lips. There was none now. She grasped my hands and pulled me into the room where Amy lay, moaning with pain.

"Everything will be all right," I said, patting Mrs. McNeill's shoulder. Her face brightened a little. "Now, don't worry," I added. "Amy is

going to be fine. Aren't you, Amy?"

I looked hopefully at the pain-racked little girl. But she didn't answer. She just couldn't. I stood by the bed and then fear clutched at my heart. Everything wasn't going to be all right, something within me said. For she lay upon the cot in the most alarming attitude. One knee was drawn up toward her face and the foot was pointed downward, and the little heel was twisted and turned outward. I tried to straighten the limb and she cried out with pain.

I looked up at Mrs. McNeill. Tears crossed her cheeks and I tried to find a smile of reassurance, but the smile would not come.

"What is it?" she whispered.

WHAT? I didn't know the answer. Again I stared down at the stricken child and again an awful fear swept through my being. This was something new and dark and terrible.

I looked at my empty, helpless hands. I looked at the twisted pain-racked body. And I thought—there's only one man who can help me—the man I admire more than any other in the world—my friend and mentor, Dr. Aeneas John McDonnell.

He would know. He would tell me what to do. He would make my strong hands useful again. It was Dr. McDonnell who had convinced me that nursing was my life's work. I was eight years



Alone in the Australian Bush, Miles From Any Doctor, 23-Year-Old Elizabeth Kenny (Left) Worked Out Her Revolutionary Treatment of Infantile Paralysis.

What Sister Kenny Did in That Lonely Cottage While the Agonized Parents Watched Was Unorthodox in the Extreme, But Finally the Tortured Limbs Relaxed and the Child Slept—and She Knew Her Prayer Had Been Answered.

old when I first met him. I had fallen from a horse and fractured my wrist. My father had driven me immediately to his home where the good doctor had set the bone quickly and efficiently.

I stayed with him and his wife that time and our friendship that was to last through his long and useful life flowered at that moment. Some years later when I had my mind set on being a missionary, he suggested that to be a missionary one certainly should also be a nurse. So I studied nursing and forgot my first ambition.

And it was Dr. McDonnell who, through all those dark years when I fought to make the world recognize the Kenny treatment, urged me on.

But Dr. McDonnell was hundreds of miles away, that day in 1910. There was only one way to reach him and that was by telegraph and the telegraph office was five miles away.

I had to admit to the frightened mother that until I heard from Dr. McDonnell I was helpless. "I'll have to ride to the telegraph office," I told her. I hurried out, vaulted into the saddle and galloped away.

In those days there was no railroad in that section of the bush. But there was a telegraph line threading its way through the wattle and gum. Thunderbolt lived up to his name that day and it wasn't long before I reined him to a stop beside the tiny station.

The operator was a smiling young giant and

shouted a greeting. I ran into the station, seized a pencil and scribbled my message to Dr. McDonnell. As best I could I described the symptoms. Then I gave it to the operator.

"How long before there'll be an answer?" I asked.

"Three—perhaps four—hours," he said.

But it was far longer before the answer arrived. Night had come, and I was standing outside, gazing at the first stars, when the operator called, "Here's your answer, Sister."

In his eyes, as he scribbled on a bit of paper, was sadness, and his lips were held in a straight, thin line. Without a word, he passed the paper to me.

AT FIRST, the words on paper were meaningless. Then they took form and the meaning of the message was like a blow over my head.

"Infantile paralysis," the message read. "No known treatment. Do the best you can with the symptoms presenting themselves." It was signed by Dr. McDonnell.

Almost stupidly, I stared down at the bit of paper in my hand, and now I knew what fear was. Infantile paralysis. I saw children hobbling along the streets. I saw children on crutches and in braces and I was cold with terror.

I went outside. I walked to where Thunderbolt was tethered and put my hand on his warm neck. Then I looked at the sky, at the waste of stars, at the bit of moon climbing up and up and I whispered the words my mother had taught me:

"I shall lift up my eyes to the hills from whence my strength cometh." I heard her voice saying—"I can of my own strength do nothing."

And then I knew I had God for my Doctor.

My tears stopped. I mounted Thunderbolt and touched his flank with my heel and we galloped through the pale darkness. The wind had the bite of winter in it, for in that land at the other side of the world June is a winter month. A mile—two—three—four—five—then a lighted doorway and a man standing in the doorway. It was Amy's father. He ran out to meet me and I tossed him the reins and he led Thunderbolt to the stable. I hurried inside and found Mrs. McNeil waiting at Amy's bedside. Mrs. McNeil's saddened face bright

ened when she saw me coming in.

"The doctor—?" "He told me what to do." I tried to make my tone reassuring. "Do the best you can with the symptoms presenting themselves," he had wired. I moved to the bed and looked down at my first infantile paralysis patient.

Do the best you can. And what were the symptoms? A golden-haired child in agony. Shortened muscles. Blue eyes filled with wild terror. I saw the little girl's efforts to protect the painfully contracting muscles from stretching that would increase her pain, and from my knowledge of muscle structure I knew that if this contraction could not be overcome she would be crippled for life.

I knew nothing of infantile paralysis then. But I did know muscle structure.

My brother William had been a thin, weak boy some years before and I had set about building his strength. I had read every book on anatomy I could lay my hands on and I had pled Dr. McDonnell with questions.

Now that knowledge I had learned before I even thought of becoming a nurse stood me in good stead. Amy's muscles were contracted. The contraction must be overcome. The thing to do was to apply heat.

I ran into the kitchen, where a wood fire burned in the stove, filled a frying pan with salt and put it over the fire, then poured the salt into a bag. The bag I placed carefully on the deformed leg that was giving the child most pain.

I waited. Mrs. McNeil stood beside me and I took her cold hand in my own and squeezed it. The child moaned, and I knew the pain was no lesser than before. The next thing I tried was a linseed poultice and again I waited anxiously, and again I realized that I had utterly failed.

In my mind one thought kept pounding: "Heat will do it." But what kind of heat?

It is easy enough, long years after any discovery, to give it a supernatural flavor. All of us like to believe that our thoughts are directed from above. Perhaps I was impelled by the knowledge I had gained from my brother's weakness, or by my nurse's training, or by the experience I had had with other children, but I prefer to think that the inspiration which came to me that night, and which still forms a major premise of my treatment, had its origin beyond this earth.

Heat. She must have heat. Maybe moist heat was the answer.

There was a blanket on the bed—a heavy one of soft Australian wool and, almost in desperation, I seized it and tore it into strips. On the stove was a kettle of boiling water. I put the strips of wool in a basin and poured boiling water over them and wrung every drop of water out.

Mrs. McNeil watched me with frightened, pleading eyes. Now her husband was beside her, his strong arm around her shoulders, and in his eyes there was fear.

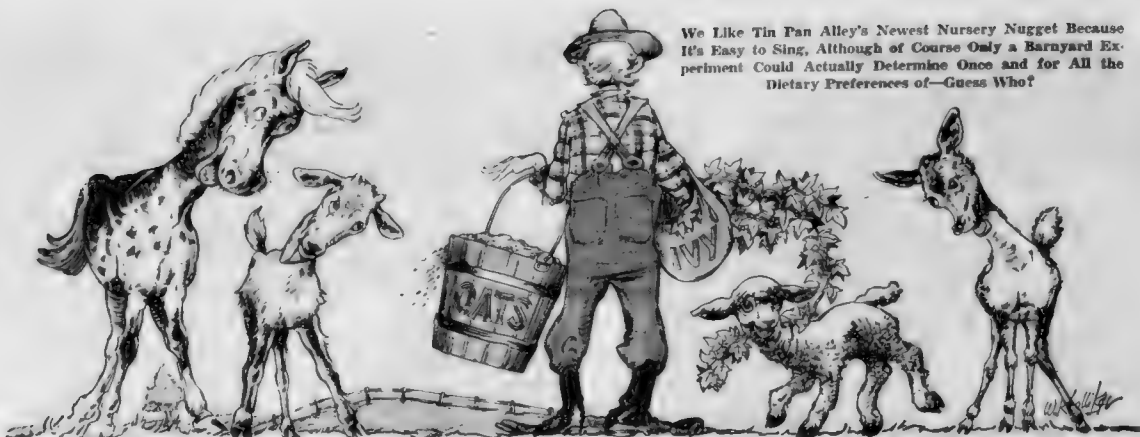
Gently I wrapped the hot, damp cloth around the tortured limbs and in a moment the child stopped whimpering. More hot water. More strips of hot wool. Presently Amy's blue eyes closed—she slept.

Behind me I heard a choked sob. Mrs. McNeil was in her husband's arms and she was sobbing softly. "She's going to get well," Mrs. McNeil whispered. "I know it now."

I closed my eyes and said a silent prayer of thanks and gratitude.

Looking back, I wonder. Was it a preordained plan that my study of infantile paralysis should have started when I stood on the threshold of life so that I might have time to perfect it? And I think of that lovely hymn—"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Next week, Sister Kenny will tell how her successful treatment for infantile paralysis grew out of her failure to realize the "impossibility" of bringing Amy McNeil and other children back to normal.



We Like Tin Pan Alley's Newest Nursery Nugget Because It's Easy to Sing, Although of Course Only a Barnyard Experiment Could Actually Determine Once and for All the Dietary Preferences of—Guess Who?

"Mairzy's" Really Literature-Honest.

Expert Spaeth, Who Noxzoots, Explains the Meaning in Our Latest Meaningless Musical Monstrosity and Why It's Important Whether Goatzy Doats—Or Don't

By SIGMUND SPAETH
Author of "Read 'Em and Weep," "The Songs You Forgot to Remember," "Barber Shop Ballads," "The Facts of Life in Popular Song," "Music for Fun," Etc.

MAMA laid that pistol down so that somebody could shoot the man who wrote "Mairzy Doats." The music publishers have a name for it: Novelty. The public, even as you and I, will settle for its near relative Nonsense.

That current jingle about mares and does and lambs and kids (which sounds like double-talk but has a meaning if you watch your pronunciation) is merely the latest of a long line of musical jokes that have made people squirm or laugh, according to their mood for centuries past.

"Pistol Packin' Mama" got the guffaws with its picturesquely absurd title, joined to an equally absurd hit-billy tune, whose ancestry goes back by way of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More" and other two-chord combinations to the basic "Hinky Dee."

"Mairzy Doats" is a bit subtler in its appeal. You get a second laugh when you find that the title phrase is a childish pronunciation of "Mares 'at oats," with "doazy doats" applying similarly to does. "Lambsey divy" is easily translated into "lambs eat ivy."

Dr. Karl Miller, of the University of Pennsylvania, says he has long used the jingle in his psychology classes as an example of "the meaning of the meaningless." But he prefers "goats" to "does," and this has precipitated an argument as to whether "goatzy doats" or not.

Milton Drake, who shares with Al Hoffman and Jerry Livingston the honor of instigating the newest American madness, admits that he got the idea from hearing his four-year-old daughter Neila chant the daffy tune back in 1942, but he created the tune. This nursery angle puts the song right back in the tradition of "Mother Goose" and thousands of other nonsensical ditties which have delighted the children of all ages.

20 March 26, 1944



ridiculous associations between the visual and the audible. For instance, try this on your French accent, if any: "Pas de lieu l'hône que nous." It sounds all right, but it makes no sense until you find, by saying it out loud, that you are actually repeating, in a rather elegant fashion, the old advice to "Paddle your own canoe."

More elaborate is the poetic quotation: "Gul nabot di, qui sabot dit, ni dabort di'elle?" By a careful distribution of emphasis, you get a familiar line from the Scotch song, "Comin' Thro' the Rye": "Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell?" There is a whole dictionary of "free French" definitions, including such absurdities as "avoidupois": "have some peas" and "Honi soit qui mal y pense": "I honestly think I'm going to be sick."

For pure sound effect, it is still hard to beat the old prior trick of having someone bellow the "Siamese war cry," whose "Oh wai tah nah, Siam!" scarcely requires translation.

There need be no mystery about the popularity of such songs as "Mairzy Doats" and "Pistol Packin' Mama." It is human nature to love a little nonsense now and then.

Nursery rhymes and the refrains of such folksongs as "Frog Went

The Harmonic Horror That Went 'Round and 'Round Explained at Last—It Hadn't Anywhere Else to Go.

a-Courtin'" develop in children an immediate sense of the ridiculous, and it would be a pity if they ever lost it. Musically a series of meaningless syllables are easier to sing than words that make sense. The composers of opera are well aware of this when they turn their coloratura sopranos loose on ahs and las.

Tin Pan Alley has kept a sharp eye on the nursery as a hot-bed of popular hits.

Not so long ago

the long familiar "A-Tisket, a-Tasket" emerged as a Broadway jazz sensation, and the same thing happened to the baby-talk ballad of "The Three Little Fishes."

"Polly Wolly Doodle" remains one of the most popular of nonsense songs, and "Yankee Doodle" itself had something of the same spirit. Our folk music of the South and West, mostly of English origin, is full of nonsensical refrains, with the famous "Sourwood Mountain" an outstanding example. This tradition goes all the way back to the Elizabethan madrigals, whose "Hey Nonny Nonny" recently acquired an extra "Hotchacha."

The "scat-singing" of Cab Call-

way and his school is derived from the same sources, and his "Hi-dee-ho" has an exact parallel in the Gilbert and Sullivan "Yeoman of the Guard." George Gershwin used the device effectively in the choral gibberish that alternates with the soloist in "It Ain't Necessarily So" ("Porgy and Bess").

The list of nonsensical hit songs is endless. Remember the "Hutsut Song" with its supposedly Swedish references to a "rawlson on the rillera and a brawlit, brawlit, soot?" Remember the "Vo-de-o-do" series and "Ja-da ja-da jing, jing, jing"? And what about the classic "Ta-ra ra-ra-boom-de-ay." The Music Goes Round and Round" had its share of absurdities, and the enormous vogue of "Yes, We Have No Bananas" could be credited chiefly to the title's mixture of positive and negative, quoted from a Greek fruit vendor. "Rose O'Day" turned real Irish words into apparent double-talk. Stephen Foster showed he could produce nonsense as well as heart-songs in "O Susanna" and "Camptown Races."

If this were a doctoral thesis, it might be proved that such musical comedy goes back to the ancient Hebrews, a forerunner of the later nursery rhymes. But perhaps the intellectual and etymological ancestry of "Mairzy Doats" is already sufficiently established.

So lay that pistol down, babe. A shot in the dark might land in the middle of the Hit Parade.



To the Unintentionally Absurd Mixture of Positive and Negative in a Greek Fruit Vendor's Classic Remark Can Be Credited the Enormous Vogue of "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

America . . . Every Body . . . should be on the

ATTACK!



Here's the
COMMANDO FRUIT
to Fortify Every Body with vitamin C

FRESH FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT—It has something most urgently needed today, not only by fighting Commandos preparing to storm the Nazi fortress, but by all Fighting America's millions who are digging into their war jobs with a blazing will to win! Fresh Florida grapefruit is a gold mine of VITAMIN C . . . the vitamin given to all Commandos 7 days a week—to help keep them full to overflowing with Health and Fire and Fight. No wonder it's called the Commando Fruit!

You and all your family—you can't receive that marvelous course of training those burly Commandos are given. But you can get vitamin C every day in the Commando Fruit!

-  **ATTACK Colds!**
-  **ATTACK Fatigue!**
-  **ATTACK Weakness!**
-  **ATTACK Infections!**
-  **ATTACK Absenteeism!**



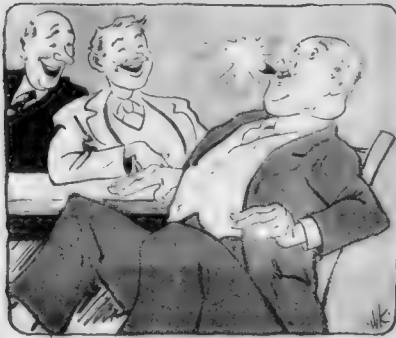
Because vitamin C can't be stored in the body, your food must give you this vitamin daily. So order the Commando Fruit on every marketing day. And keep yourself in "Commando trim"—on your toes—on the job—in condition to ATTACK!

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION
Lakeland, Florida



Fresh  **FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT**
Rich in "Victory Vitamin C"

Who Started April Fooling?



People Have Been Pulling Gags on One Another on the First of April for Centuries—And They Don't Know Why.

THE inspiration for the world's most enduring joke—April Fool's Day—still remains a secret. Who was the original wagger? What country did he come from? What prompted him to start a custom of pranks that so captured the human fancy that the date is listed on the calendar along with historical and sentimental celebrations? Nobody knows.

But the fact remains that April 1 has so much significance for people all over the world that none but the very brave would think of marrying on that date, or being anything but wary all day long.

An American legislator became so annoyed by an April Fool's joke played on him several years ago that he threatened to start legislation to eliminate, if possible, April first from the calendar.

The practical joke, according to intimates who

witnessed the undignified display, was built around a rubber gumdrop that bounced off the great man's false teeth.

The legislator, however, never got anywhere with his proposed law, and the day still continues to flourish as the prankster's delight in America, as elsewhere.

It is possible that the English borrowed the All Fool's Day observance from the French (who speak of an "April Fish" instead of an "April Fool"), as no trace of its existence has been found in Great Britain before the fifteenth century. Other authorities say that both the French and the English acquired the foolish habit from the Germans.

Many explanations, some of them ludicrous, have been suggested from time to time on the origin of the day. What seems fairly certain, though, is that it is in some way a relic of the festivities once held at the

vernal equinox, which ended April 1.

Many think that it all started over Noah's mistake in sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated sufficiently—which happened to be on the first day of April. Thus people had the idea of celebrating April First after that by sending gullible persons off on ridiculous errands.

A more sombre explanation is advanced by the devout, who trace a resemblance between the "fool's errands" of April 1 and the fruitless and tragic journeys Christ was subjected to—from Pilate to Herod, to Caiaphas, back to Pilate, and to the Judgment Hall. Since April 1 often falls in Holy Week, the association is understandable.

In the old days in England, the church wisely tolerated as far as possible the harmless buffoonery so popular on the first of April. Indeed, old records show that she even sanctioned a Festival Patuorum. During this Feast of Fools, mock bishops and cardinals went through ceremonies for the amusement of the people.

Beer Glasses That Blow Up

ENGLAND jacked up the price of beer sixpence (about a dime) the other day but what added insult to injury was the fact that, once you got a glass of the stuff, you might be in for an experience as shattering to war-weary nerves as Nazi bombs or threats of rocket projectiles. The glass might blow up right in your face.

For a time the angry pub trade suspected some kind of Nazi trick aimed at lowering home front morale. And they cast dark looks at the pretty waitresses who set the foaming beakers down on the table with a chipper "here you are, sir." But the girls weren't as nonchalant as they looked. They kept an extra supply of bar rags handy with which to wipe up the golden brew if the glass burst.

When things had reached a pretty pass with angry threats hurled at many a pub-keeper, England's glass-makers came forward with an explanation. Since, like everyone else, they were trying to make their product last longer they had been making glasses tougher. In some cases they had overdone it. The result: when many a cold container came into contact with a warm table top, something happened—the rate of expansion. The mug shattered.

Because the British today are drinking more of the amber fluid than at any time in the last 30 years, the problem of stronger glasses to put it in is becoming serious. Six pints of the precious stuff were consumed during 1943 for every five that slaked England's thirst in 1939.

What makes beer cost more today is the fact that taxes on a barrel of brew have skyrocketed from 80 shillings in 1933 to 281 shillings and 10½ pence in 1943. And the stuff is weaker right now than it ever was.

For New Glamor—the only "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder in the World



BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness... stays on for hours... never cakes. \$1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, dept., and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor... today!

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR) GROUP 2 (MEDIUM) GROUP 3 (DARK)

NATURAL LIGHT TACEL DARK TACEL ROSE GLOW ROSE GLOW CORAL TACEL CORAL TACEL LIGHT WHITE GLOW WHITE GLOW

In YOUR GROUP choose the darker shades for daytime, the lighter for evening.

PARK & TILFORD "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder

Will some prisoner of war—an American like your son or your husband—go hungry and lack medicine because you forgot to give to the American Red Cross? Of course not! Join the millions, dig deep and be glad to help.

THEY DISCOVERED THIS COLDS' RELIEF—

for coughing and muscular aches of colds. Yes, thousands of mothers everywhere have discovered Penetro—a salve with modern medication in a base containing the same kind of old-fashioned mutton suet grandma used. Inside, medicated vapors soothe cold-congested breathing passages. Outside, acts as a warming plaster at spot where rubbed on. Penetro is white, stainless, pleasant to use. 25c double supply 35c. Get real relief for these miseries with Penetro.



CLEANS

furniture, floors, woodwork, windows, bathtubs, all porcelain fixtures, linoleum and metals. Cleans paint brushes. Repels insects. Spray or wipe bed frames, bed springs, dresser drawers. Get a bottle today. For sale: Drug stores, 5 and 10 stores, grocery stores, paint and hardware stores. 8-oz., Pints, Quarts.

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FOR COLDS' PAINFUL MISERIES

Quickly relieves pains of colds' sore throat and muscle aches

St. Joseph ASPIRIN

FOR SOREQUAY HINGES Ever-Ready Oil 10¢



ROBINSON REMINDERS

Westfield, Mass. THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Of the things you'll want when they are again available

here's Number ONE on your SHOPPING LIST



The only Pressure Saucepan with the Patented HOME SEAL

TWO STEPS TO A PERFECT SEAL
1 Simply place the cover on the cooker
2 Then bring the handles together

1. Saves up to 75% cooking time
2. Saves precious vitamins and minerals
3. Saves natural food flavors and colors
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The craftsmanship which has won the Army-Navy "E" and Star will be into the making of PRESTO Cookers and NATIONAL Cookers—ensuring highest quality.

Send 6c. coin or stamp, for interesting booklet—"Presto Cooking Why and How." Address: Presto, Dept. 44, Eau Claire, Wis.

NATIONAL Presto COOKER

A PRESTO Cooker provides the fastest, most scientific method for cooking fresh vegetables, retaining more vitamins and minerals and preserving garden fresh colors and flavors. Less expensive cuts of meat are cooked to delicious tenderness in an amazingly short time. A PRESTO Cooker saves cooking fuel costs, saves energy, and makes cooking a pleasure. Put PRESTO at the top of your will-buy-when-available list.

The famous NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER... providing the most modern and scientific method for home canning is also manufactured by the National Pressure Cooker Company of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.



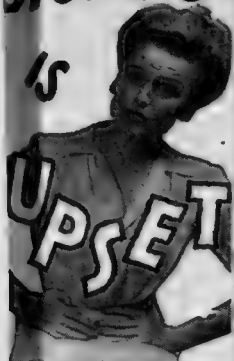
To get your PRESTO Cooker sooner... BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

22 March 26, 1944

OF ALL the prescriptions for staying young and limber, the most unique heard recently is that of William C. Bostwick, of Philadelphia, who insists that roller skating is the thing for those who want to keep their bones from getting stiff.

Seventy-two years of age, Bostwick seldom has a pain

WHEN YOUR STOMACH



Be kind to your stomach when it's queasy, uneasy and upset. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle from your druggist today. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Pepto-Bismol

Makers of "Dysentonia" (Norwalk)

© 1938, B. B. B. Co., Inc.

Presto! Dark-colored fabrics become NEW, LIGHT shades with

Tintex COLOR REMOVER

Yes, Tintex Color Remover is a magic product! Removes old dark colors from all fabrics so they can be re-dyed new light shades with any of the 50 Tintex Dyes. You will be thrilled and amazed how easily, and swiftly, your dark dull wearing apparel and home decorations become bright, gay and lovely!

So start today! Change colors of fabrics to your heart's desire. Give thrilling, fashionable color-charm to the things you treasure. It's patriotic to make things last!

Used by millions, Tintex products give amazingly perfect results! Only 10¢ & 15¢ at drug, dept. & 10¢ stores.

PARK & TILFORD Product

Found the Fountain of Youth - on Roller Skates

or an ache or a "bad day." Even the weather means little to him; for often in a rain he can be seen, market basket on arm, cigar in mouth, Homburg hat a la Anthony Eden on his head, rolling along jauntily to the store to get supplies for his family's evening meal.

So faithful is Bostwick to his favorite sport as well as to what he calls his "fountain of youth" that he has worn out, since 1938, four pairs of skates and a box of spare wheels.

And so unself-conscious is the Philadelphia man about the way people stare at him in the street when he goes speeding past that he is never loath to execute an "airplane" step or a figure-eight for the benefit of peep-eyed youngsters who envy him his agility as well as his speed.

In fact, there is a kind of minor skating boom around the neighborhood where the man who is 72 years young now has the time to indulge in his hobby to the utmost and to instruct his young friends in the finer points of the sport. Only one thing acts as a brake on the enthusiasm of his young pupils and that is the current shortage of the rolling gadgets.

Bostwick, since he retired from the insurance business in 1941, has used practically no other means of transportation. And that does not mean he is a stuffy stay-at-home.

He is the oldest member of the Philadelphia Skating Club and Humane Society, a club of venerable tradition. This organization meets regularly in Ardmore, a suburb of Philadelphia, about eight miles from



Bostwick's home and, of course, he goes to these meetings on skates.

Bostwick also likes to visit the office where he used to work and talk things over with his former business associates. He arrives there on skates, too.

"Yes, I guess I do attract some attention as I go racing around," Bostwick says, "but I don't mind."

"Some old men like to sit and talk. Others like to sleep and eat. As for me, I like to roller-skate. Often the kids stare at me. Sometimes they laugh and start chasing me down the street for a block or so, but few of them can keep up, so they just fall behind. Many a time I give them pointers on fancy steps."

"I guess I just came naturally by it. I've been an ice skating enthusiast since boyhood and read a lot

The 72-Year-Old Philadelphian Who Does Most of His Traveling on Roller Skates Is No Eccentric Freak to the Town's Youngsters Who Look Upon Him as an Expert on the Little Wheels.

about the old Norse experts in this line.

"It's wonderful exercise. Sitting on a porch in a rocking chair, I'd stiffen up like an old man. This way I can accomplish a great deal in my peregrinations and also keep myself fit and limber. Try it some time. You'll feel like a million after you get used to it."

GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that's true, yet you're afraid to color your hair! Afraid it's too difficult, afraid of hurting hair's luster—afraid your hair will look "dyed."

These fears are needless! Today at drug or department stores, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Hair Coloring Preparation. Bountiful gray hair gradually changes to its own natural color. No guess, no chemical burnings by medical authorities. No skin test needed. Economical, easy to use. Buy a bottle today on money-back guarantee. Or mail the coupon below for a free trial kit.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 116 Goldbrook Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. Send (to sample) Check color Black ☐ Dark Brown ☐ Light Brown ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Blonde ☐ Auburn

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MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TONIC



If You "Tire Easily," have low resistance to colds and minor ills—due to lack of the Vital Elements—natural A & D Vitamins—try taking good-tasting Scott's Emulsion daily the year around! National survey shows many doctors recommend Scott's to help build up resistance, bring back energy and stamina! Buy Scott's Emulsion today—at all druggists!

IT'S GOOD-TASTING

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION GREAT TASTE! GREAT VALUE! GREAT TASTE!

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



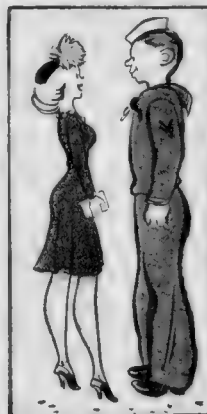
Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even the best soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
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6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.



REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!



"Was That You Whistling at Me, I Hope?"

The Gang's All Here—Again

By J. Edgar Hoover
and
Frederick L. Collins

Some Old Rackets of the Dry Era Have Been Resurrected by Scarcities, J. Edgar Hoover Discloses, and in Frank, Unvarnished Words Tells Us What We and Our Children, and the FBI Are Up Against

No. 3—BLACK LIQUOR

THE man in the barber shop chair was dead. There was no doubt about that; the gangster's bullet had gone straight to the mark.

Ah, yes, that was Chicago.

Was?

To be sure, Tommy Neglia was an old-time and small-fry prohibition mobster. He probably knew too much, or somebody thought he was telling too much. He had to be wiped out.

But, though Tommy may have been one of "Al's boys," he did not die in the days when Al Capone was Chicago's rum-running king.

He died in a new kind of rum-running racket, in December, 1943—the second Chicago gang killing in eight days.

The conclusion is inescapable: unhappy days are here again.

This is not an argument for or against the sale and use of liquor. It is a plain statement of an obvious fact which faces every law enforcement organization in the United States today: that the scarcity of any much-wanted product, no matter how essential to the war effort that scarcity may be, leads immediately to the defiance of law and the commission of crime.

Rationing, a governmental measure admittedly necessary to victory, has created black market operators—blacksters—just as prohibition, indubitably "noble in intent," created bootleggers.

The second situation holds possibilities even more dangerous than the first, because it embraces very nearly the whole range of man's gastronomic and sartorial needs and desires.

Tight now, however, the problem concerns most prominently alcohol—and there is something cheap and sordid about its manifestation, something definitely menacing about the suddenness and unexpectedness of its arrival.

Years of earnest effort, whether you approved of it or not, went into the enactment of the prohibition amendment.

Now, more than a decade after its repeal, we see a sudden shortage in certain types of alcoholic beverages, the result of wartime necessity. This creates almost overnight a situation pregnant with most of the evils and none of the virtues of

legalized prohibition.

In short, America's hoodlums, taking advantage of the opportunities offered by wartime conditions, are developing into a second crop of formidable gangsters.

Until recently they operated separately, and the rewards for small time criminal activity frequently were disappointingly small.

But now the boys are working together again. It takes a sizable gang to "knock off" an important shipment and dispose of it.

These gangs generally follow the practice of holding up drivers at highway intersections or other places where temporary stops are required.

In some instances, drivers are freed after the load has been disposed of; in other cases, the driver is taken away from the scene in the hijackers' automobile; sometimes they are left to die.

For example, it was nearly midnight on June 22, 1942, when a big tractor and trailer unit loaded with 570 cases of valuable whiskey en route from Relay, Md., to New York City, reached a street intersection in Jersey City, N. J.

The driver slowed down because of a red light, and had just stepped back on the accelerator after the light changed, when his truck was blocked by a black sedan containing four men who pointed a pistol at him and commanded him to pull off the road.

One of the bandits then put sunglasses bound with black tape on

Hijackers of Gang Era If Leave Luckless Trucker Bound, Gagged and in a Ditch While They Rush His Cargo to the Black Market.

this driver, forced him into the automobile, transported him to a cellar, threw him on a cot and kept him there approximately three hours.

Later his captors removed him from the cellar and took him to a point where he was told that if he walked four blocks straight ahead he would find his truck.

On Aug. 3, 1942, a truckman and his helper were busily engaged in loading a cargo of extremely valuable Scotch liquor from a pier in Hoboken, N. J. The job proceeded without incident at the pier, but when the two men and their truck left the scene they were followed by men in an automobile.

Nothing happened until after the truck and the men trailing it were crossing the Hudson River on the Lackawanna Ferry at 23rd Street. As the ferry entered the slip on the New York side, two men jumped on the running board and one stuck a gun in the driver's side.

Meanwhile, another bandit approached a driver making the crossing on the ferry and told him curly that he was not to make any statement about what he had seen. This driver, thoroughly frightened, gave the bandit his license number and promised that he would keep his mouth shut.

After the driver of the whiskey truck had proceeded for a short distance, he was taken out of the vehicle and black-taped glasses were put on him. Then he and his helper were driven to the East Side of Manhattan where they were taken up on a roof and kept there about three hours.

The truck, which had contained 495 cases of the imported liquor, was recovered on the following day by the New York Police Department. Its valuable cargo was missing.

A third hijacking employing the same techniques occurred on Sept. 15, 1942, at Walnut St.



Motor Trucks Are Shown Here Being Examined by Federal Officials at a Ferry Landing in Their Constant Search for Evidence in the Growing Black Market Activities in the Handling of Liquor.



A Chicago Gangster "Itub-Out." Not in the Days When Al Capone's Mob Ruled the Alky Racket But Last December.

and Railroad Ave. in Newark, N. J.

In this case the driver and his helper were forced to lie in the rear of the bandits' automobile and were driven about for approximately three hours before they were released.

The owner of the automobile was taken into custody by the police, and he denied being involved.

However, Special Agents of the FBI in a close examination of the automobile, discovered a number of human hairs on the upholstery. They carefully picked these from the cushions and sent them to the FBI Laboratory, along with specimen hairs from the head of the driver of the truck whose load was hijacked on Sept. 15.

The Bureau's technicians examined the two sets of hairs and found that each set had the same characteristics, and, while this was not a conclusive identification, it did furnish such substantial evidence that the car owner, after this information had been made known to him, gave a full confession in which he admitted his participation in all three hijackings.

After additional investigation, a number of other individuals were apprehended and heavy sentences imposed.

The situation disclosed by this series of hijacking is country-wide.

Early in the evening of Oct. 20, 1942, the driver of a one and one-half ton truck loaded with 250 cases of whiskey was proceeding from Monroe, La., to Indianola, Miss.

When he reached a point near Greenville, Miss., an automobile overtook him. Three men forced him from his truck, blindfolded him and bound his hands. In addition, the bandits took the precaution of wheeling around several times so that he would have difficulty in recalling their subsequent movements.

The hijackers then drove him about in their automobile for more than six hours before they finally released him. The empty truck was found two days later approximately 10 miles from the scene of the theft.

Now, the importance of these outrages does not lie in the loss of the individual shipments or in the inconvenience and hardships visited on the individuals who drive the trucks—although being locked up in their own cars and left strangling for breath is no treat!

But it lies in the fact that once more the same type of lawlessness, which gave us the Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago and led to the Kansas City Massacre and the national plague of bank robberies, kidnappings and murders in the Twenties and the early Thirties, is propagating its filthy spawn.

At the moment these gangs of thugs are busy hijacking good liquor and holding it for black market prices. The next step very well could be the manufacture of bad liquor and the hijacking of that.

Then, where there are gangster criminals, there must be lawyer criminals and doctor criminals and politician criminals and the whole rotten mess that made us, only a decade ago, a stench in the nostrils of the world.

That is why, in the midst of demanding wartime duties, the FBI is straining every effort to end Gang Era II before it has fully begun.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation's jurisdiction in these hijacking cases generally comes from

the statute which defines the theft of articles from interstate shipments as a Federal offense.

It is therefore all the more significant that during the last fiscal year, convictions under this statute went up more than 40 per cent as compared with the preceding 12 months; and the upsurge shows every sign of mounting even more rapidly during the current year.

When the hijacked trucks and drivers are taken across State lines, prosecution for violating the Federal Kidnaping Act and the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act then becomes possible.

So it is also significant that, in spite of gasoline and tire rationing, the "hot" car business is booming. If a tank goes empty or a tire bursts, the hoodlum simply steals another "heap" and goes on his way.

There were 235 convictions for this crime in November 1943, as against 186 in November 1942.

If the shipment stolen by the hijackers is valued at \$5,000 or more, and if it is transported after the theft across a State line, the robbers also violate the National Stolen Property Act.

But vigorous prosecution under all of these statutes and under the laws of the various States has so far failed to check the mounting flood of law violations resulting from the current whiskey shortage.

The situation has passed the threatening stage and has already assumed some

more alarming proportions.

The insurance companies are raising their rates on liquor cargoes and at least one large trucking organization is refusing to accept such cargoes at all: infallible signs, we have learned by experience, of the presence of real large-scale trouble.

Which all adds up to exactly this: that by reason of sudden, unanticipated and therefore unconsidered wartime shortages we unexpectedly and somewhat bewilderingly find ourselves living under an involuntary prohibition. A modified prohibition, if you will, but from a law enforcement standpoint, one which has in it the seeds of unmodified gangsterism.

We have only to look back to the situation in American law enforcement which, a few years ago, had reached a crisis. The beneficiaries of illegal activities spreading their ill-gotten gains through the underworld, reaching out to suborn inefficient, or poorly paid and, therefore, easily tempted officers of law enforcement, had undermined foundations to an alarming extent.

Beyond this, powerful gangs were allowed to concentrate—gangs drawing upon the riffraff of America for their personnel, and recruiting their membership from the prisons of the nation.

Crime had been speeded up.



Federal Men Dismantling an Illicit Still Seized Only a Short Time Ago in Brooklyn.

Crime had taken to the four-lane highway, and to the roar of the airplane. That is what gangsterism meant—and means.

And what are we going to do about it? We of law enforcement will do—are doing—what we can. But the people's will is the people's will. If there were no black market customers, there would be no black market, no blacketeers. In the final analysis, it is up to all of us.

We are fighting not only the greatest military war in our history, but also the skulking enemies within our own gates. Let us forsake all temptations to slip into careless ways; let us avoid the tragic consequences of inaction and indecision.

Vast coalitions of desperate criminals were formed; men and women who had engaged in every form of outlawry, even to mass murder, were assembled under a common banner, with the result that great numbers of affiliated criminals were ready and eager to take up new forms of law-breaking of the most vicious sort.

Those coalitions brought about such vicious crimes as kidnaping and extortion, extending from end to end of the country.

Let us be men enough, with courage and determination enough, to do our duty fearlessly here on the front assigned to us.



Counterfeit Stamps, Labels, Bottles of Coloring and Flavoring Used by Today's Black Liquor Operators.



The Chicago Valentine's Day Massacre — A High Mark in Lawlessness, a Recurrence of Which the FBI Is Determined to Prevent.

OH, LADY!
Did you lose
a Cave Man?



1 **Lady, lady,** what happened to that cave man you married? Where's that old up-and-at-'em? Where's that two-fisted drive? Why does he half sleep-walk to the 8:15? . . . Could it be because he breakfasts like a bird?



2 **Ma'am,** in the morning that man of yours needs a real nutritional eye-opener! Remember, he's gone all night without food . . . his energy's low. That's why doctors and dietitians say that he—everybody—should get at least one quarter of his daily nourishment at breakfast!



3 **And what better nourishment** can he get than *whole-grain* nourishment! The kind that's crammed into every crisp, toasty flake of Post Toasties—that "gee-I'm-just-rarin'-to-go" cereal! It's a "Basic 7" food! Every lip-smacking bite bursting with B₁ for bouncing energy!



4 **Tomorrow,** sit Mr. Ex-Cave-Man down to a chest-thumping bowlful of crisp, honey-golden Post Toasties. Swim 'em in milk. Smother 'em with luscious fruit. Oh boy! Oh boy! Start cheering! You've got your cave man back again!

Post
Toasties

A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

*Eat a good breakfast
—do a better job!*

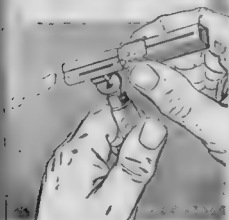


LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

Government authorities say: Most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast. Doctors and dietitians say: All of us should get at least 1/4 of our daily nourishment at breakfast. Nutritionists say: An adequate breakfast includes both fruit and a cereal with whole-grain nourishment. We say: All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment. GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES • GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT MEAL • POST TOASTIES • POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

DID YOU KNOW

You Can Do This Again?



Schick Blades Are Back

How long since you've enjoyed the ease and comfort of a Schick Injector shave?

Stop figuring right now. Your Schick Blades are back... back in force as your dealer's. We're now able to meet all demands... civilian as well as military... for these smooth-shaving keen-edged blades.

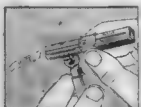
So put your Schick Injector Razor back to work tomorrow morning. Enjoy again the revolutionary Schick Injector features that make shaving a pleasure instead of a chore!

Here are the only basic safety razor improvements in over 40 years.

Each is a revolutionary Schick Injector improvement... designed to take the pull, discomfort and inconvenience out of shaving. Yours to enjoy once more!!!

AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

An exclusive Schick Injector feature. A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blades or messy paper wrappers.



SOLID GUIDE BAR

... has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Pops up whiskers for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against sucking and scraping.



DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

... just as long as twice as thick as ordinary blades. 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.



SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co. Bridgeport 3, Conn.

PERSONAL STATIONERY!

Write Home & Address Reminders! Printed on 40 Sheets Antique Bond & 75 Matching Envelopes... only \$1.25

25¢

Write Home & Address Reminders! Printed on 40 Sheets Antique Bond & 75 Matching Envelopes... only \$1.25

THERE was nothing short of consternation at head quarters on the Rock of Gibraltar recently when teletype dispatches from sentry posts on different parts of the gigantic British fortress reported that a dozen of the Rock's historic apes had been found dead.

The demise of a few monkeys wouldn't seem offhand to be a serious matter, but it is more important than it sounds, for there is an ancient legend, firmly believed, that the British will hold Gibraltar only so long as the Barbary apes remain there.

The finding of 12 bodies high up on the rocky ledges meant that "The Rock's" ape colony suddenly had been reduced to five—a dangerously low figure, considering the fact that there was a suspicion that the monkey pack had been poisoned.

Although hard-boiled British officers knew that the legend was just so much poppycock, and that the world's biggest and toughest fortress would still be held by the English, monkeys or no monkeys, the high command took no chances on going counter to tradition.

Orders were sent out to rush ape reinforcements from Africa by air and sea. Within a few hours after the first report of the wholesale deaths, a crate—labeled "On His Majesty's Service" and carrying a four-month-old female from Rabat, in North Africa—was landed at Gibraltar's airport by a four-engined Liberator bomber.

The cage also was inscribed, "Young ape from the French zone obtained through the good offices of the Secretary-General commanding the Fez region."

The pilot reported his passenger in sound condition but "slightly airsick." He was unfamiliar with the old legend and wondered why he had to give up fighting the Luftwaffe, to fly a scared monkey across the Mediterranean.

Several days later other monkeys arrived by sea from Tetuan, and within a week after the report of the first deaths, the simian colony had been restored to its normal quota. The Rock's military administration, along with London papers which had been describing the situation as a "minor Empire crisis," gave a unified sigh of relief.

When the bodies were found, they had been too long dead for post-mortem examination. There was no chance to prove the poison theory although the military authorities conceded



"She Missed Her Last Three Battleships—This Time They're Making Sure."

England Worries About Apes

that Axis agents, knowing full well the legend, might have tried to kill them.

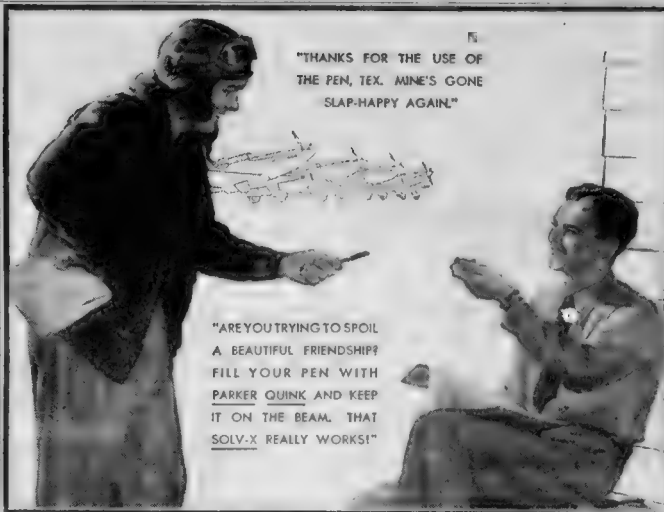
Since 1780, when the chastening monkeys warned the garrison of a Spanish attack, the apes of Gibraltar always have been fondly looked upon by the British military. Once a soldier was court-martialed, and required to apologize publicly, when he shot two of the apes for stealing his clothes.

The creatures roam all over the Rock, and to insure their welfare there is an "O. C. Apes" Charge of Apes



The British Army Officers on "The Rock" Appeared to Take the Death of the Apes Calmly—but They Were Mystified.

Officer in it is to see that the animals job usually goes to law- whose job keep alive and healthy. This comers on the Rock.



"THANKS FOR THE USE OF THE PEN, TEX. MINE'S GONE SLAP-HAPPY AGAIN!"

"ARE YOU TRYING TO SPOIL A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP? FILL YOUR PEN WITH PARKER QUINK AND KEEP IT ON THE BEAM. THAT SOLV-X REALLY WORKS!"

TOP QUALITY PENS RUNNING SHORT!

Quink with solv-x protects pens... Keeps them writing!



"First-choice" fountain pens have been curtailed in production by Government order. Repair parts, too, are scarce.

If your pen fails now, it may not be repaired or replaced for the duration. Take this measure to give your pen the protection it deserves: flush and fill it with Parker Quink containing solv-x, an exclusive Parker discovery.

Solv-x safeguards your pen in these 5 important ways:

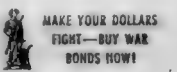
1. Ends all gumming and clogging
2. Prevents metal corrosion and deterioration of rubber always caused by acid inks.

3. Dissolves sediment left by inferior inks.
4. Cleans your pen as it writes.
5. Assures quick starting and even flow.

Get a bottle of Parker Quink today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.

FOR V-8—MAIL "Micro-Flon Black"—Parker Quink in "Micro-Flon Black" photographs perfectly—is ideal for every use. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-Flon Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size, 25¢. Other sizes, 1-4¢ and up.

© 1945 Parker Pen Company



MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

TIRE CHANGERS

protect small cuts with

Curity

SULFA-thia-zole

HANDI-TAPE!

This Happens Offener Today



Thousands who never changed a tire before are finding it can be painful. And the small cuts and abrasions you may get can be dangerous... unless you protect them from infection... immediately.

So Do This Now



Today—go to your nearest drugstore and buy Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE. It's the new ready-to-use bandage with sulfathiazole protection added. Put a box in your car... another in the kitchen... medicine chest... office desk. Remember to ask for Curity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE.

Buy War Bonds

Ask for **Curity**
HANDI-TAPE
Adhesive Bandage

A Product of
(BAUER & BLACK)
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago

Make it Last LONGER!

3-IN-ONE Oil cuts sewing machine in easy and quick manner. Keeps bearings clean, prevents rust that causes repairs. Cleans up your hand with one stroke today or for store today!

"3-IN-ONE" OIL

28 March 26, 1944

A Man with No Rights



If the Outlaw Scot Is Beaten Up and Robbed He Will Have No Case Against the Thugs Because the Government Has Taken Away All His Rights and Privileges as a Citizen.

IF YOU should happen to run into John McSweeney, of Glasgow, Scotland, beat him up—rob him, too, if you wish—and don't give a second thought to the cops. The law is on your side.

McSweeney is one of the few persons in the world who can be "legally" robbed. He lost all his rights to governmental protection recently when the Glasgow High Court declared him an "outlaw."

Under an ancient Scottish law, a person can be put outside the protection of the statutes if he contemptuously refuses to appear when called in court, or dodges justice by doing a disappearing act. McSweeney, wanted in connection with a \$10,750 safe robbery, lit out, and the judges saw fit to deprive him of his rights.

In theory, he can be attacked, robbed or insulted without legal redress. The Crown can seize anything that he owns, and if he remains an outlaw for a year his heritable estate can be forfeited.

McSweeney can't get his rights back unless he surrenders to the court. Once sentenced for his crime, he can ask that the outlawry be repealed, and request the restoration of these rights.

The Scottish High Court seldom declares a crook an outlaw. The last time it was done was five years ago—in 1939—and the time before that in 1931. Although seldom invoked, the ancient law is just as legal today as when it was written centuries ago.

In England, where outlawry was first put into the old Saxon laws, enforcement was abolished in civil proceedings in 1879, while in criminal proceedings it has practically become obsolete.

In the United States outlawry never existed in civil

If you want to brighten up that waste grease can that's standing on your kitchen shelf, send for some of the Housewife's Food Almac's "Nail-Jap Eraser" labels today. These clever red, white and blue stickers will remind you to salvage all your waste grease for Uncle Sam and our fighting Yanks. For your labels, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Housewife's Food Almac, 233 East 43rd Street, New York, 17, N. Y.

cases, although a few States employed it in criminal cases.

Back in the old days in Great Britain, the court was not only empowered to declare a man an outlaw, but the judge could designate him a "friendless man" as well—an act which meant that any friend that helped the outlaw became liable to the same punishment.

Killing an outlaw was then, as now, taboo unless, of course, the criminal was slain resisting arrest. The right to take an outlaw's life was in the King's hands and any one murdering the hunted man had to answer for it just as he had to do for any other homicide.

YOU, TOO, WILL MARVEL HOW DR. SCHOLL'S SEND CORN PAIN FLYING!

CORNS GONE, FORGOTTEN!

While You Work, Walk or Play!

BEFOOT-HAPPY! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, soft, cushioning, protective pads, instantly stop tormenting shoe friction, lift painful pressure on corns, sore toes. Separate, wonder-working Medications included for quickly removing corns. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Get a box today!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

TOOTHACHE?
DUE TO CAVITY

Quick, soothing relief with Tooth Drops! "Cavity toothache" instantly stops at night. Be prepared. Get relief today! Keep it handy. Follow any directions on box.

DENT'S TOOTH-CUM-TOOTH DROPS

SAMPLES LARACHET can emit relief from tooth pain in a few minutes. No need for dental treatment. If your dentist does not have these products, better order today from D. S. Kent & Co., Cincinnati 4, Ohio.

DENT'S LABORATORY

Real aid to Skin Improvement

Pimples spots, externally caused, heal faster when nature is aided by time-tested Resinol. Its specialized medication soothes itchy irritation, and smooths rough, flaky skin. To cleanse skin carefully, depend on Resinol Soap.

For sample of each—also a handy little Hollywood Soap-Bar Mender—send only 10c to Resinol X-5, Bairo, I. Md.

RESINOL SHIMLINT AND SOAP

You've given your sons—you've given your blood—you've helped get in the scrap—you've bought your war stamps and bonds—now keep up the good work by digging down and giving more than ever before to keep the American Red Cross at the side of our fighting men.

LOOK AT THE RECORD

One Can of New Improved
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
cleans **69** more
SINKS*
and does it
SAFELY AND QUICKLY



Cleans with **Dissolving-Erasing Action**

*By actual test in independent laboratories and in typical homes, Old Dutch cleans 69 more sinks per can than any other leading cleanser tested! Because grease is one of the most difficult cleaning problems, Old Dutch Cleanser con-

tains a fast grease dissolver that quickly cuts grease. Then Seismote erases the loosened dirt—easily—quickly—without scratching. That's why Old Dutch cleans so safely—with such lightning speed—and so economically, too.



GET THE CLEANSER USED BY MORE WOMEN THAN ANY OTHER

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

RATIONING
came over on The Mayflower



THEY RATIONED EVERYTHING

The Pilgrims knew they were ill-prepared for one of the cruelest winters that resolute men, women and children ever had to face. Foreseeing trials that would challenge their endurance, they treasured their scanty store of food and rationed every helping.

But, when a Spring and Summer of strenuous labor rewarded them with an abundant harvest, the Pilgrims were grateful—but not alone for food. They felt they were well on their way toward an established home in a new world, bright with freedom, security and a promising future for their children. America's goal has never changed. And for such a goal rationing is a small price to contribute...Food Fights For Freedom.

* * *

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.



What ration points bring to our tables today would have seemed like banquets to generations of our forefathers—but you have Budweiser, too, to make simple wartime meals taste better.

Budweiser

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



YES OVERKID! Just put two drops of line in each eye. Right away you'll start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—



QUICK RELIEF Murine's 7 scientifically-blended ingredients quickly relieve the smart of tired, burning eyes. Gentle Murine helps thousands of help you, too.



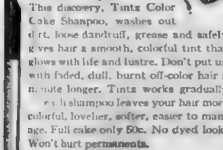
SAY GOODBYE TO THAT CORN!

How to obtain relief from painful corns and remove corn

Wouldn't like to say goodbye to that corn? Stop home-paring! "Whining" corns off only the top, usually leaves behind! Instead, get Blue-Jay works 2 ways: the soft pad lifts pressure, gives instant relief; then medication loosens the corn so it can be removed, with the hard on Get Blue-Jay at any drug or toiletries counter



BLUEJAY CORN PLASTERS
MADE IN U.S.A.
BALKER-BLACK • Division of The Kendall Company



Easy Way TINTS HAIR as it shampoos
This discovery, Tintz Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease and safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that shows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt-out color hair a minute longer. Tintz works gradually as shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. Full cake only 50c. No dried look. Won't hurt permanent.

TINTZ 50c

COLOR SHAMPOO



CUTICURA
Externally Caused
Cuticura helps relieve externally caused pimples, simple sores. For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A-32, Malden, Mass.



CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT
The American Weekly is "The Nation's Reading Habit."

30 March 26, 1944

You'll Eat Sunflowers

ONE of these days, probably not so far in the future, millions of people are going to take to eating asteraceous helianthus. Sounds bad. But don't let it floor you. It's just another of those gold-plated scientific words, that, when reduced to the king's English, means—

sunflower. But even at that, making a meal out of the towering, big-petaled yellow flowerers hardly sounds like something that gourmets would

eat. But that's where you're wrong. Scientists have made the startling discovery that sunflowers are mighty good eating.

Playing around in their laboratories, the research men found out that when the oil was extracted from asteraceous helianthus—big pardon, sunflowers—that it was remarkably like olive oil, both in taste and in other properties.

Subsequent experiments showed that the sunflower oil was excellent in food products, perfect for cooking, and could be used for the making of certain medi-

cines. And it even looks as if some day you may wash your face with sunflowers—because the scientists found, too, that the oil made good soap.

It's probably going to be some time, however, before you see any "salad a la asteraceous helianthus" on a menu, or before you take the Saturday night bath with sunflowers, because experiments are still in their initial stage. But, according to the chemists, it's a sure thing for the not distant future.

Credit for the discovery goes to the Imperial College of Science in Great Britain where scientists, experimenting under a special grant from the British Ministry of Agriculture, are now working out a method for growing sunflowers on a commercial basis.

Already three varieties of the plant—resistant to wind and frost—have been developed which the experts say will readily grow in the Midlands and Southern England. Large-scale planting, however, will not be started until after the end of the war.



Pretty! And Easy to Make



PATTERN 3664—Young miss two-piece. Sizes 12 to 20. Size 16, 1 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric.
PATTERN 3678—Side-buttoned cotton. Sizes 12 to 20. Size 16, 3 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric.
PATTERN 3601—Embroidered kiddie pinafore.

EACH PATTERN, together with a transfer pattern of charming motifs to embroider on linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS. Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 65 South Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

LINDA DARNELL

starring in René Clair's

"IT HAPPENED TOMORROW"

an Arnold Pressburger Production

Released thru United Artists

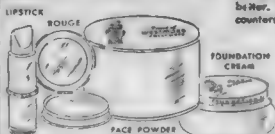


Wally Westmore, Famous Hollywood Make-up Artist



The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy House of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face powder and foundation cream.

House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up. It gives you a lovely, attractive beauty—goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25¢ and 50¢ at toilet goods counters everywhere.



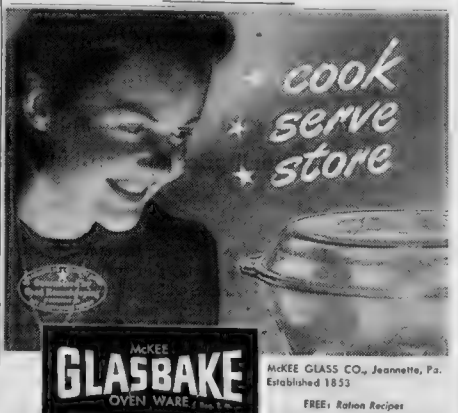
House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP



"I hear she got the upper hand in the family when she took away his Wheaties."

but what happens when they eat a "Breakfast of Champions" with milk and fruit? Perfect bliss, we suspect, because so many people agree

that Wheaties are the number one breakfast cereal for their money. Fact is, Wheaties are America's favorite whole wheat flakes.



McKEE GLASBAKE OVEN WARE

McKEE GLASS CO., Jeannette, Pa. Established 1853

FREE! Recipe Book See your dealer

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Happy Easter! Happy Eating!



COOK WITH CRISCO! No other shortening does so much to make rationed meals **EXCITING** and **DIGESTIBLE!**

EASTER BREAKFAST

HAM HASH: Combine 2 cups finely chopped cooked ham with 2 cups finely chopped potatoes. Fry lightly in 3 tbsps. hot Crisco. Season to taste. Stir in 1 cup milk and continue frying till lightly browned. (Crisco is ideal for frying! There's no heavy smoke or smell—no off-taste. And Crisco-fried foods are so digestible children may eat them.) Arrange hash around gaily colored hard-cooked eggs in a parsley nest. Serve with **CHEESE BISCUITS:** Add ½ cup grated cheese to your favorite biscuit recipe. And be sure Crisco is your shortening. It makes such light, digestible biscuits! All Measurements Level. Serves 6.



Crisco

9 OUT OF 10 DOCTORS SAY:
"It's Digestible!"

LEMON SNOW CAKE

½ cup Crisco	2 cups sifted cake flour
1½ cups sugar	2 tbsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt	¾ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla	3 egg whites

Blend Crisco, sugar, salt and vanilla. (Creamy Crisco blends in a jiffy!) Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Beat egg whites till stiff but not dry. Fold in carefully. Turn batter into two "Criscoed" 8-inch layer pans lined with paper. Bake in moderate oven (300°F.) 25-30 min. Turn from pans; remove paper; cool. (See for yourself! Digestible Crisco cakes are lighter, higher than those made with any other shortening—even the most expensive!)

Frost with **FRESH LEMON ICING:** Blend 4 tbsps. Crisco, ½ cups sifted confectioners sugar, grated rind of 1 lemon, and an egg yolk. Add alternately ½ cup lemon juice and 2 cups sifted confectioners sugar. Frost between layers, top and sides. Decorate top with candy "lemon slices." All Measurements Level.



Easter's coming. Will the meals you serve be *exciting to eat? Easy to digest?* Rationing won't cramp your style if you cook with Crisco!

It's True! Crisco does more than any other shortening. For Crisco has a cooking secret *all its own!* It gives you *lighter, more tender* cakes. A sure way to get *flaky, tender pie crust* every

time! And with Crisco, there's no need to worry about digestions. Even Crisco *fried* foods are so digestible children may eat 'em!

Begin Today! Make a *lighter* Lemon Snow Cake with Crisco. Fry that Breakfast Hash in Crisco and you'll know it's *digestible!* Any time a recipe calls for shortening—reach for *pure, all-vegetable* Crisco and be sure!

Digress him anyway!

"Does he ever miss a trick? Not my husband!

"He's always first to tell me I've put on a few pounds where they don't do me any good.

"But...he notices the nice things, too! Like how much prettier my hands are lately—since I've taken to Ivory Soap for dishwashing!

"What a holler he put up back when they got all red 'n' rough from strong washday soap—the soap I thought I had to use to hurry dishes!

"Then I discovered something! Ivory, the soap doctors advise for baby's tender skin, gives heaps of suds. Suds as speedy as the strongest soaps! And, 12 days after changing to pure, mild Ivory, my hands were smoother, softer, whiter! And Ol' Eagle Eye noticed 'em right away!

"STRICTLY FOR PENNIES, TOO... I do all my dishes with Ivory's gentle 'velvet suds' for only about a penny a day!

"If you've been ruining your hands with strong soap—see for yourself what a big difference Ivory Soap can make when you really stick to it! Yes, your hands, too, can get that lovely 'Ivory look'...in just

12 days!"



P.S. for U. S.: Soaps use vital war materials—Save soap to help win the war! Use every sliver in a wire shaker. 99⁴/₁₀₀% pure...It floats.

IS your CHILD THIS STURDY?

Let Kent Vitamins help build up your child. So potent a single capsule supplies minimum daily needs of vitamins A, B₁, D. Over 7-weeks supply for only 50¢



Each capsule contains more than:
4000 U. S. P. units of VITAMIN A
333 U. S. P. units of VITAMIN B₁
4000 U. S. P. units of VITAMIN D

BLONDES



New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely
This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondes, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondes at 10¢, drug and department stores.

INEXPENSIVE TOOL!
Only 10¢ per package of 800 corners in Black, White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Vasey. 60 corners in Gold or Silver. At 5¢ a 10¢ Store, Drug, Camera and Department Stores.

NUAGE CORNERS ARE BEAUTIFULLY EMBOSSED... LOOK BETTER!
AGE ART CO., BEARING, MASSACHUSETTS

JUST PLACE NUAGE CORNERS ON CORNERS OF PICTURE, POSTER, BACKS AND MOUNT, NO GLUE, NO MESS, NO BOTHER.

LOOK FOR NAME NUAGE ON PACKAGE!

Save DRYCLEANING BILLS
Brush Spots out with **Safeway**

BRUSH TOP SPOT REMOVER
Save extreme and cleaning dollars. Simply place brush top over spot to be cleaned. A few rubs—and presto, the spot is gone! Ideal for spoting: dresses, suits, uniforms, coats, hats, ties, rugs, carpets and upholstery. At 3 and 10¢, drug and department stores or mail 25¢ for large 5 oz. package. **SAFEMAT CHEMICAL CO.** and other ads. — Department One

Housewife's Food Almanack

A "QUICKIE" MEAL

"OUR sons are all in the Army now," writes Mrs. Anna Schoenig, Noroton, Connecticut. "Because he misses them so very much, my husband would rather have me by his side than in the kitchen. And so I pop dinner in the oven and sit beside him and hear him say sweet nothings, such as: 'Gee, Honey, dinner sure smells good.'"

"With an eye on the 'basic seven foods' I plan meals that are quickly prepared, tasty, thrifty and timely, and easily assimilated. This 'quickie' may not sound unusual, but it's really good: Savory steak, baked potatoes (Irish or sweet), baked tomatoes, carrot and celery sticks, baked apples.

Savory Steak
1½ pounds round steak
2 tablespoons bacon or other fat
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
½ cup flour

1 cup green pepper, onion, parsley and celery tops chopped and mixed
1 cup water
1 cup milk

"Mix seasoning and flour and pound into meat. Cut into slices and fry brown in hot fat in skillet. Add vegetables and liquid, cover skillet and place in moderate oven for one hour.

Baked Tomatoes
"Place them upside down in a baking dish, with the stem end sliced off. Hollow out just a little, place a cube of bread and a dab of



HAM ROLL

"ALTHOUGH I did not originate this ham roll, and I don't know who did, I am sending it to you to pass on to all Almanack readers," writes Mrs. Nettie Rochester, Oak Harbor, Ohio. "Adding the dressing was my own idea, and I think, quite an improvement."

"Remove the bone from a large slice of ham that has been cut about ½-inch thick. Mix one level teaspoon dry mustard with 1 tablespoon vinegar. Peel and slice thin one or two apples. Spread mixture over the ham and cover with the apples. Sprinkle over it about ½ cup of brown sugar, and roll the ham up like a jelly roll, fat side in. Tie in place and put in a baking dish and dot with butter.

"Surround with as many potatoes as are needed for your family and make a dressing of apples, raisins and brown sugar to taste and place at one end of the ham roll. Pour about ½ cup of water over the ham and baste frequently while baking. When the ham is tender, remove from the oven and serve hot."

Mrs. Rochester, your Ham Roll is a treat to the eyes and to the palate. Even though it appears to be a complicated dish, it is relatively easy to prepare and it pleased each of four Red Cross workers who tried it. — Mary Lee Swann

butter on each tomato and sprinkle with pepper and sugar.

Baked Apples

"Fill centers of cored tart apples with raisins, put a marshmallow on top and sprinkle with cinnamon."

"Usually I make a custard and put it in the oven for next day's dessert. There is always meat and plenty of gravy left over from the savory steak, and with rice, a salad and the custard there is another meal for another day and more free time for wives."



CELERY STUFFED SPARE RIBS

"LAST WEEK I gave a party," writes Mrs. Joseph Patrick, New York City, "and I think I found a very nearly perfect 'wartime party dish.' It was easy on ration points, easy to prepare, and gave loads of used fat to turn in to the meat dealer for cash and extra ration points.

2 slices spare ribs
1 cup diced salt pork
½ teaspoon pepper
1 onion, chopped

"Fry the salt pork until crisp, then remove the pieces. Cook the onion in the fat for a few minutes, then add the crisp salt pork, celery and bread cubes. Season with salt and pepper. Spread one section of the spare ribs with dressing. Cover with the other section and sew or tie in place. Sprinkle the outside with salt and pepper and rub with flour.

"Lay the stuffed ribs on a rack in an open roasting pan and bake, uncovered, in a 350-degree oven for 30 minutes to the pound (about two hours). Drain the fat left in the roasting pan into salvage can and store in a cool place. You'll have plenty to turn in to your butcher for those ration stamps and you've a wonderful low-point meat dish."

4th Century Norseman Cultivated Vegetables Solely for His Livestock. He Thought It Was Disgraceful to Eat Any Himself.

TRY AN OLD-FASHIONED CORNMEAL LOAF

"THIS recipe for cornmeal loaf is both healthful and economical," writes Mrs. H. F. Patterson, Munhall, Pennsylvania. "Youngsters will really enjoy it."

"Place strips of bacon to cover the bottom of a medium size roasting pan. Add to the top of this two cups of cooked cornmeal and spread over with one pound ground meat mixed with diced celery and onions (or chest-

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

"THE recipe for this cake has been in our family for generations," writes Mrs. C. J. Hickey, Jr., La Crosse, Wisconsin. "I'm sure after you've tried it, you'll agree, it's perfect."

1½ cups white sugar
2 tablespoons butter
2 eggs
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ pint sour cream
2 squares chocolate
1½ cup hot water

"Cream butter and sugar well, add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Sift flour, measure, and sift three times with soda. Alternate flour and sour cream and last of all add the chocolate, which has been cut in pieces in the hot water. (The chocolate should be prepared first, so it has a chance to melt.)

"Bake in loaf pan or layer cake pans in a 350° oven for about forty-five minutes or until done. Cover with your favorite icing."



CAULIFLOWER CUSTARD

"MY FAMILY considers cauliflower practically a party dish," writes Mrs. Helen R. Wohl, Greensboro, North Carolina, "and I'm sure your family will find it as appetizing as mine."

"Boil one medium-sized cauliflower in salted water for ten minutes after breaking it apart. Drain and chop fine. Mix together two slightly-beaten eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper and 1 cup of evaporated milk. Add this mixture to the cauliflower. Pour into greased custard cups and set in a pan of hot water.

"Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for thirty minutes or until firm. Turn out of cups and garnish with chopped parsley, if desired. This recipe will serve six."

(Mrs. Wohl, The Almanack likes to have suggestions for party dishes as well as everyday wartime meals. Your Cauliflower Custard is delicious, easy to prepare and is a pleasant variation on the cauliflower theme. — Mary Lee Swann)

From 1810 to 1820 Economical Recipes Were Very Popular in America. Originated by Mrs. Stephen DeCatur, They Were Known as "Half-Pay Recipes."



MEAL-IN-ONE

"I HAVE a treasure of a main dish that I feel sure many Almanack readers will enjoy," writes Mrs. Mary R. Dwyer, Seattle, Washington.

1 green pepper (minced)
2 onions (minced)
2 cups tomato juice
3 or 4 potatoes
1½ pounds hamburger
1½ cup well worked raw rice
4 medium carrots
1 pint peas or corn or both
¼ pound shredded cheese

"Fry peppers, onions, broken hamburger in two tablespoons fat until they are lightly browned. Add one cup tomato juice and cook ten minutes. Butter a baking dish and place in layers as follows: Raw potatoes, cheese, rice, carrots, peas and hamburger mixture. Pour over all the extra cup of tomato juice and grate a little cheese on top. Salt and pepper to taste. Bake slowly about 2 hours."

(Mrs. Dwyer, your Meal-in-One will go into our file of finest recipes. — Mary Lee Swann.)

ALMANACK COOKING HINTS

HAVE you received a copy of The Almanack's handy new chart containing seventy helpful hints? It shows you new ways to prepare your favorite vegetables, fruits, meats and desserts in record time and with a minimum amount of trouble. Send a 2-cent stamp for this chart, 70 Handy Almanack Cooking Hints, and for each of the following Almanack Charts that you desire:

- "Stirk-to-the-Ribs" Dishes
- 15 Almanack Casserole Recipes
- 21 Almanack Potato Recipes
- 18 Famous Almanack Recipes
- 21 New England Recipes
- 17 Favorite Pie Recipes
- 18 Favorite Cake Recipes
- Favorite Mexican Recipes
- ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT., THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 308 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
- 11 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes
- 23 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- 26 Delicious Vegetable Recipes
- Practical Recipes for Large Groups
- Coffee Time Doughnuts and Cakes

GENEVA, ILLINOIS, WOMAN GETS \$500 AWARD FOR THIS SKINLESS FRANKFURTER RECIPE



This Lady Knows the Answer

Mrs. E. M. Larson, of 315 S. 5th St., Geneva, Ill., certainly knows the answer to planning filling wartime meals. Her SKINLESS frankfurter recipe earned \$5.00, after consideration by our home economics staff. Try it and you'll agree Mrs. Larson has done a grand job of stretching meat points and money with a tempting, easy-to-prepare recipe.

You Can Do It, Too!

It's easy to make hearty, satisfying meat-meals with very few ration points, when you plan menus around SKINLESS frankfurters.

SKINLESS Franks Save Precious Points

SKINLESS franks and Wieners have no skins to split open. Not one bit of waste! The whole family relishes their tender goodness clear down to the last morsel. Rationing or no rationing, SKINLESS franks are an outstanding meat buy—a delicious,

nutritious food that saves many precious moments in the kitchen. And their low point value is extra welcome today, too—1 lb. serves 4.

It's easy! Try it yourself! SKINLESS Franks and Baked Beans (serves 4)

Wash 1 lb. dried navy beans; soak overnight. Drain. Add ½ teaspoon soda, cover with water; simmer 20 minutes. Place 1 onion in large casserole, add half the beans, and brown sugar, molasses, salt and dry mustard as desired. Cover with half the frankfurters, cut crosswise in small slices, add remaining beans and seasonings. Cover casserole and bake in moderately slow oven for five hours.

You Can Get \$5.00, Too!

Pick out your favorite SKINLESS frankfurter recipe. Mail it to the address below today! Our home economics staff may judge it the SKINLESS recipe of the month. If they do, you'll receive \$5.00 when your recipe is published.

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FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS

WHITE STAR TUNA Chicken of the Sea TUNA

MOVIE RECIPES

"LA FRICASSEE DE POULET"

MANY Almanack readers have written requesting the favorite recipe of Helmut Dantine, Warner Brothers star, so here's his recipe for "La Fricassee de Poulet" or chicken fricassee prepared in the French manner:

One chicken, cooked in about two quarts of water (enough to cover), with one onion, stuck with a clove, one small sliced carrot, mixed herbs, salt and peppercorns. For the sauce—about ½ pint of the chicken stock, 3 yolks of eggs, 3 tablespoons of cream, or rich milk, a little lemon juice, ¼ lb. mushrooms and about one dozen pickling onions, each cooked separately in butter or margarine.

The chicken should be neatly jointed. Put the pieces of chicken in a large saucepan, with the onion, the sliced carrot, the herbs, salt and hot water. Bring to boil, skim, cover the saucepan, leaving a small opening and simmer gently for about one hour, till the chicken is quite tender. Then strain off all the stock and put it in a bowl.

Who's your favorite movie star? Would you like to try his or her favorite recipe? If so, write to Almanack Movie Stars' Recipe Dept., Room 301, 233 East 45th Street, New York City, and your favorite's recipe will be published here.



Helmut Dantine

In another saucepan, melt the butter, rub in the flour to a smooth paste, over a slow fire, and add the hot stock gradually. Finally add the yolks and cream well mixed, and diluted with a little warm stock. Ten minutes before serving, add the onions and mushrooms, previously cooked in butter without browning, and the lemon juice. To serve, put the slices of chicken on a hot dish, garnish with the onions and mushrooms, and strain the sauce over the whole.

LEMON PIE CRUST

"I AM hoping you will print my recipe for Lemon Pie Crust so others may enjoy it as I do," writes Mrs. Agnes Seren, of Milwaukee, Oregon. 3 cups of unsifted flour (pastry flour is preferable)

1 cup shortening
1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons of lemon juice

1 egg
"Cut shortening into flour and salt. Beat egg and add a little over ½ cup cold water. Stir and add lemon juice. Keep stirring while adding lemon juice a little at a time, as it will curdle eggs if added too quickly. Add this to the shortening, flour and salt. Roll and bake as any pie crust. You will have a pie crust that is hard to beat. I always make this amount, as it keeps well in the refrigerator and is an especially good recipe for beginners to try."

(Mrs. Seren, many thanks for your generosity in sharing your discovery with us. — Mary Lee Swann.)

RED CABBAGE

"HERE'S a sweet but tangy dish I'm sure will add just that something you want for your next meal," writes Mrs. Leo Schmitt, Los Angeles, California.

"Grate a small head of red cabbage and pour over it about 2 tablespoons of vinegar (to keep color). Put 1 small chopped onion in 2 tablespoons of bacon grease and fry lightly.

"Add grated cabbage and salt and pepper to taste. Sprinkle 1½ tablespoons of flour over top; add 4 or 5 whole cloves. Peel a medium sized apple—cut and put on top of grated cabbage. Add 1 teaspoon sugar, and a little water. Cover frying pan and cook slowly, covered, for about one hour and fifteen minutes. Longer cooking will improve it and there is no unpleasant odor of cooking cabbage present."

(Mrs. Schmitt, cabbage is plentiful and your recipe suggests a new and different way of making it attractive.—Mary Lee Swann.)

They called her QUACK and CHARLATAN...

...but her reward has been the tears of joy when mothers see their children walk again. In Chapter Two of the real story of her battle against Infantile Paralysis, Sister Kenny tells about the found a new concept of the dread disease and a treatment for it, and why one that were due to her early plans for aid are dead no longer. Continue reading...

"God Is My Doctor", By Sister Kenny

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY



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Cheer up, faithful footwear! Better days ahead. While Whittemore isn't given to boasting, we'll grant that our new de-luxe Shoe Polish is the latest, gives the most satisfying shine, of any polish we have perfected in 102 years of making fine shoe dressings. Going largely for lighting feet now. You'll get plenty later.

WHITEMORE

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 202

March 26, 1944

The *Smart* Cracker!



Quality *Wise*

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Hi Ho help you prepare tastier meals in a jiffy. And they're always ready to serve with beverages when guests drop in... Be sure you ask for Sunshine Hi Ho Crackers!



"NO WONDER THEY
GO SO FAST!"



fresh!
nourishing!
ready!

FROM THE THOUSAND WINDOW BAKERIES OF LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY

THIS is one of those years. Divide 1944 by 4 and you get a lot of young women leaping into matrimony—and doing their own proposing.

It may be that the average marriageable maid needs no lessons in the ancient art of letting a man pursue her until she catches him—but a few hints of what not to do may be helpful during this open season on husbands.

Be intellectual if you must—and the bookish approach seems indicated—but don't overdo it. Horn-rimmed spectacles have never put that come-hither look in a girlish eye. Holding hands is a lot more fun than holding a book of sonnets, however romantic the rhymed lines may be. Once a girl has established a bridgehead in the realm of culture and refinement she should relax and resort to tactics that have been good since Mother Eve.

Sometimes the matrimonial trap can be sprung more quickly if the victim is inspired to succumb before some other guy beats him to the jeweler and the marriage license bureau. But use the dodge of multiple boy friends with extra care. No husband-to-be wants to feel that he is fighting his way to the altar through a human wolf pack.

All too many members of the so-called gentler sex have the notion that the way to a man's heart is through his nose—but they over-emphasize the olfactory approach. It's all very fine to give off a subtle odor of water lilies, or rosemary. But to smell like

Leap Year Boners No Smart Girl Will Pull



Maids Who Want to Get Their Man During 1944 Shouldn't Overdo the Intellectual or Literary Approach, Stupify the Victim With Overdoses of Sweet Smelling Perfume or "Inspire" Him With the Boy Friends He Has to Compete With.

someone who has just crawled out of a vat of liquid fragrance is an odoriferous error. No man can think of sweet words to say when the girl friend reeks like a perfumed pole cat.

NEW! EASY-SPRY MIX IS HERE!

NO GREAMIN' SAVES $\frac{2}{3}$ MIXIN' TIME!



**NOW EVEN A CHILD
CAN MAKE DELICIOUS
LIGHTER CAKES THAT
STAY FRESH LONGER**
SAYS AUNT JENNY



"FOLKS, have you heard my grand news? ... New, Easy-Mix Spry is here! Now you can stir up cakes in next to no time—an' take lighter, fluffier layers from the oven.

"Lan' sakes, but I'm excited! An' so'll you be, too, when you try new Spry an' my easy new 2-step way to mix a cake. ... There's no greamin' to make your arm ache. No long, hard heatin'. Only one *hoid to wash up*. Your cake's mixed in two-thirds less time. What a savin' in work an' time!

"An', folks, wait'll you *taste* the lighter cakes you get! Better tastin'—simply delicious! Spry cakes stay moist much longer—not a slice is wasted. An' think of the ration points you save usin' Spry instead of scarce, high-point butter!

Grand for ALL baking, frying. "Don't forget that pure, all-vegetable Spry is your right-hand helper to get flaky, tender piecrust an' crispy digestible fried foods, too."



NEW SPRY
NOW AT YOUR
GROCER'S IN SAME
HANDY JAR



TRY AUNT JENNY'S EASY NEW 2-STEP METHOD... Chiffon White Cake with Sunshine Frosting

Dry Ingredients
2 cups sifted flour (cake flour preferred)
3/4 cup sugar
3/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup Spry

Liquid Ingredients
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/4 teaspoon lemon extract
2 egg whites, unbeaten
*With a tartarate powder, use 5/8 teaspoon.

Step 1. Mix dry ingredients—no creaming now. Into mixing bowl, sift flour, sugar, baking powder and salt. Drop in Spry. No creaming needed.

Step 2. Add liquids in two stages—and mix. To flour mixture, add about 3/4 of milk, then flavoring extracts and beat until smooth—about 100 strokes. See how easy your batter goes together with Spry to help! Scrape bowl and spoon; and mix well. ... Add egg whites and mix thoroughly. Scrape bowl and spoon; mix. ... Add remaining milk and beat until well blended. It's notice in a jiffy. Again scrape and mix. Notice the smoother, easier-pouring batter.

Bake in two 9-inch Spry-coated layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. Spread Sunshine Frosting on layers and sides.

SUNSHINE FROSTING
Mix in double boiler: 2 unbeaten egg whites, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 5 tablespoons cold water, 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar. Place over boiling water and beat with rotary beater until mixture will hold a peak (about 7 minutes). Remove from fire and tint delicately with yellow coloring. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1/4 teaspoon lemon extract; beat until cool and thick. If desired, omit frosting on sides and use 1/2 recipe.

REMEMBER—"Use New Spry in all your old favorite recipes, too!"

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1,000 times!

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1,000 times!
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—tanks!

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by blasting barrages from British
machine guns and thundering tanks!

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